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Instruction is offered in Day and Evening Classes in academic and vocational courses of study. All Day Courses provide a liberal education in English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

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Evening classes will open in October and continue until the end of March. During 1923-24 instruction was given in the following subjects:—

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All courses offered have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

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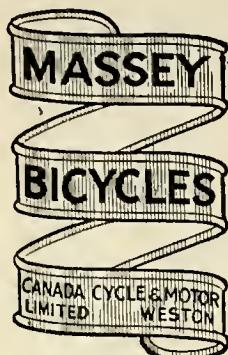
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Mr. Dore was asking the class the national flowers of different countries. "England" he asked, "Rose" answered one. "France" "The Lily" answered another. "Of Spain" went on the teacher who was rather hazy as to what the right answer was himself. Brodie: "Bullrush."

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Write for a Calendar of the Faculty in which you are interested.

W. E. McNEILL, M.A., Ph.D., Registrar.

THE COLLEGIATE

Published under the Auspices of the S. C. I. Literary Society.

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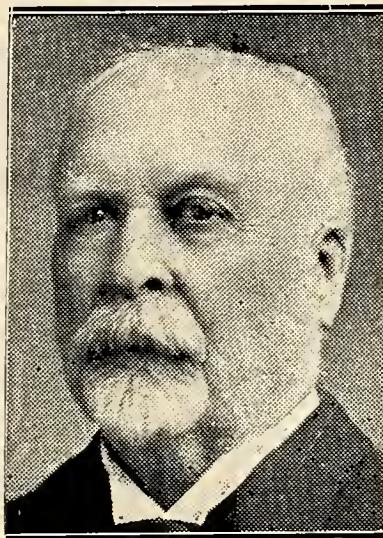
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EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE "COLLEGiate"

Sitting (left to right)—Roger Harris, Tom McKay, Ted Kennedy, Inez Nickels (Editor-in-chief), Agnes Wier (Associate Editor), Howard Stuart, Douglas Macklin.
Standing (left to right)—Leslie Ewener, Leon Windsor, Miss Scarrow, Logan Millhan, Annie Leslie, Fred Whitcombe, Irene Patterson, Margaret Hall, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Urquhart, Marion Henderson, Lloyd Hallam, Edna Cobban, Harold VanHorne (Associate Editor), Norman Leslie.



In appreciation
of his effective service on the
school board and his ever lively interest
in our activities we respectfully
dedicate this number to
Mr. Thomas F. Towers

Foreword

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."
—Tennyson.

This issue marks a new era in the history of the school magazine. Although we have been almost three years in our new school nearly all the activities, including the editing of the magazine, were, during the last two years, managed by students who had been seniors in the old collegiate. This year, however, the majority of the students on the magazine staff were juniors in the old school, and we therefore present this magazine as the first to be published by the students who have received their training largely in the new Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School.

There is this year a marked improvement in our "esprit de corps." When this new building was first opened the pupils who had attended the old school looked upon it with a certain feeling of awe. We admired its stately appearance, its well-lighted corridors, and its imposing staircases, but at the same time we secretly longed to return to a certain dull red school-house on the London Road, with its dimly lighted halls and time-worn stairs. If there are those who doubt the existence and value of our school spirit we would refer them to what it accomplished last fall, when our Senior Rugby team met the Galt Collegiate Institute team, in Galt.

With but ten minutes to play, the score fifteen to four in favour of Galt, our captain and quarterback lying injured on the sidelines and the loss of the game an almost foregone conclusion, there came over that team deep in defeat, a change such as perhaps the spectators will never again witness. The boys stopped in their retreat, hung on for an instant, and then began their machine-like advance, which nothing but the fruits of victory could satisfy. It was magnificent to see twelve fellows all inspired at the same time, with the same idea, that of upholding their school. This striking demonstration of the old school spirit, is only one of many incidents that have taken place in our school this year.

There have also been several changes in the Board of Education. The Rev. J. R. Hall, who was chairman of the board when our school was being built, has withdrawn from the board, and also Mr. T. F. Towers who was chairman last year. As students we are sorry to see these gentlemen retire and we thank them for the deep interest that they took in our school affairs while in office.



CANADA AND THE CHICAGO WATERWAY QUESTION

It is a well-known fact that during the Glacial period nearly the whole of Canada, with the exception of northern Yukon, and a few scattered districts in Labrador, south-eastern Quebec and Nova Scotia, was covered with immense sheets of ice. The Wisconsin ice sheet which was the last of the last of the great glaciers to invade this country has naturally left the most lasting results. As this glacier retreated, some twenty-five thousand years ago, the water in the Great Lakes, which themselves had been formed earlier in the Ice Age, was set free while the "natural" outlets remained ice-blocked. The inevitable result was that a large number of so-called glacial lakes were formed. "No other region in the world possesses so many lakes of all sizes and shapes as Canada and most of these were caused by the hollowing of basins of ice work or the damming of valleys by drift deposits," says Professor Coleman, of the University of Toronto. Canada is then, fundamentally a land of lakes and rivers. As a nation we are dependent on them for a very large part of our natural wealth, for our fishing industry, for our navigation, and for our water-power, on which depends a great many of our industries. Consequently it was with keen displeasure, and stormy protests that we heard the startling announcement that Chicago was acting as "a bootlegger of Canadian Water."

In 1899 the Illinois Legislature

passed an act permitting Chicago to solve her sewerage problem by directing the waste material from the city into the Chicago river, on into the Des Plaines, Illinois and Mississippi Rivers and on to the Gulf of Mexico. In order to employ this system the Chicago River was joined to Lake Michigan by a canal and the current in the river was changed. In order to accomplish this, and to dilute the waste material, it was necessary to turn ten thousand cubic feet of water per second, from Lake Michigan into the Sanitary Canal. Chicago, has for several years past been taking this amount of water from the Great Lakes with the obvious result that the lake levels have lowered considerably. In 1924 the water in Lake Huron and in Lake Erie lowered between one and two feet. The Illinois Legislature supported Chicago's action in all probability because they wished to establish a water route from the Lakes to the Gulf. The War Department Permit, on the other hand allowed that city only four thousand, one hundred and sixty-seven cubic feet per second. Chicago fought and is still fighting staunchly all opposition to her claim and declares that her worst enemies are the supporters of the St. Lawrence waterway. However, on January the sixth of this year, the Supreme Court of the United States decided the question against Chicago. Although this city is determined not to be beaten and threatens to appeal to Congress, the decision of the Supreme Court was decided victory for Canada, and it is thought will assist in the set-

tlement of the drainage and canal dispute.

Viewed from the standpoint of Canada, Chicago's action is preposterous. One of our leading statesmen says of it "There was no such thing in the history of any country, where they would divert water from its natural course without the consent of interested parties." Had it continued it would vitally have affected the locksills of the Sault Ste. Marie, Welland and St. Lawrence canals. In addition, this stealing of water amounting to three hundred and forty thousand cubic feet a minute would have had a very serious effect on the shipping conditions between Montreal and the sea, and would have robbed Canada of millions and millions of dollars worth of waterpower. Of course the border towns and cities suffered most. Already it has affected harbours on which millions of dollars have been expended. Then too, with the lowering of the water level in places that are comparatively shallow, comes the dangers of an impure drinking water supply. It is no wonder then that Canada upheld the United States Government against Chicago when she saw the health of her citizens impaired, her navigation impeded and the nation about to be robbed of untold wealth and water power.

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THE VISIT OF THE PREMIER

On Monday, Jan. 19th, the Honourable Howard Ferguson was in the city in connection with Sarnia's Public Health Week, and in the afternoon visited our school. Everyone had heard the glad news of the premier's expected visit, with the result that, although the meeting took place out of school hours the Assembly Hall was packed. In addition to the students of the school, there were present as many pupils from the senior classes of the public schools as could be accommodated. On the platform were Mr. Ferguson, the chairman, Mr. Campbell, the teachers of the public school,

and several representatives of the medical profession, including Dr. Godfrey, Minister of Public Health for the province.

After a few remarks from Mr. Campbell, which gave us a glimpse at the boyhood days of our visitor and thoroughly convinced us that he was indeed very much of a boy, the Rev. J. R. Hall delivered a short address. Mr. Hall was chairman of the Board of Education when our school was being built. Mr. Harold VanHorne then welcomed the premier on behalf of the school in a speech in which he tactfully reminded us that Mr. Ferguson was an advocate of no homework.

The Premier was then introduced and after a few reminiscences of his own school days, pointed out to us the benefits of an educational system such as we have in operation now in Ontario. He stated also that he was not in favour of the entire abolition of homework especially in High Schools, but that he did believe that in the past too much home studying had been assigned to the pupils of the public schools, a practice which has been recently discontinued. You may be sure that this statement met with stormy applause from the public school pupils present.

Two selections from the orchestra and the singing of "O Canada" by the school added considerably to the somewhat lengthy programme. By the time the various addresses had been given it was fast approaching five o'clock. Signs of uneasiness began to make themselves quite evident on the faces of some of the students, probably because they feared they should have time for homework, when suddenly the premier arose with a broad smile on his face and announced that he wished the next day to be a holiday. At this statement, a loud applause broke forth, due of course to the enthusiasm of the junior pupils, for the sophisticated fifth formers in the front row would not relax a muscle, probably, because they secretly felt the news far too good to

be true. However when Mr. Campbell stated that the Board of Education would have to bow to the will of the premier, as the official head of the province, even the lordly seniors deigned to applaud. The meeting then closed by singing of the National Anthem. Although Sarnia fathers of to-day may be "not by any means perfect" in their politics, Mr. Ferguson has certainly won the favour of the coming generation.

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MAN'S REDEMPTION OF MANKIND

About the middle of last century the scientific world was filled with wonder at the remarkable discoveries of Louis Pasteur. Through his achievements he has probably done more to preserve human and animal life than any other human being. Before the celebrated scientist was twenty-one years old he had the opportunity of listening to chemistry lectures, given by the prominent French chemist, Dumas. He was fascinated, with the subject and after he had received his doctor's degree, determined to devote himself to research work in chemistry. He began by studying crystalline forms. From the study of crystals he was led to attack the subject of fermentation and then successively the problems of spontaneous generation, the maladies of wine and beer, the diseases of silk worms, the germ theory of diseases of animals and man, and the production of vaccines for the prevention and cure of infectious diseases. His life work was devoted to revealing the role in nature, which is played by the microscopic forms of life, chiefly the bacteria. His motto was "Seek the Germ."

To the student of science, the study of bacteria is one of the most interesting in nature. The bacteria are the minutest of known living things, some of them being less than one ten thousandth of an inch in diameter. In shape some are spherical, others spiral, and prob-

ably the best known are rod-like forms, known as bacilli. They are unicellular in structure and multiply by simply splitting apart, a process known as fission. Some bacteria are parasitic and others saprophytic. Many species (there are about fourteen hundred forms in all) have the peculiar property of developing thick-walled resting spores, capable of surviving, a temperature above the boiling point of water, and also below, its freezing point. Consequently many are difficult to combat. However a great many forms of bacteria can completely be destroyed by boiling for ten or fifteen minutes. Bacteria or germs are present everywhere, in the air, in the dust, in the bodies of animals and human beings but, when in the active form can only live in some nutrient medium. They must be in contact with water. Some germs are man's worst enemies, while others, the decay bacteria, are indispensable to him.

It is a well known fact that these bacteria, are the real cause of a great many of our contagious diseases, diphtheria, typhoid fever, pneumonia, influenza, and whooping cough, and our whole theory of contagious diseases is founded on the reseaches of that little Frenchman, Pasteur, who was fired by a passionate love of science and an equally strong love of humanity. Nearly everyone knows that it was he who conquered hydrophobia. This was his last great achievement. Pasteur had long studied this peculiar disease when he finally made his great discovery. For sometime after he had learned that vaccinated dogs were immune from rabies he feared to use the same vaccine on a human being. One day however he was brought to a decision when a little boy, Joseph Meister, about nine years of age, was brought to him very badly bitten. Two doctors were consulted then the child was inoculated. During the considerable time he was treating the child, Pasteur, suffered untold pain, for fear that in attempting to save

life he should destroy it instead. "His joy as the child was restored in perfect health to its parents, is one of the most beautiful episodes in history."

Throughout his life Pasteur was inspired by religious sentiments and a burning love for nature and mankind.

*"He thus made reply:
"Philosophy, to our attentive ear,
Clearly points out, not in one part alone
How imitative nature takes her course
From the celestial Mind, and from its art:
And where her laws, the Stoicite unfolds
Not many looter scann'd o'er observing well,
Thou shalt discover that your art on her
Obsequious follows, as the learner treads
In his instructor's step; so that your art
Deserves the name of second in descent
From God. These two, if thou recall to mind,
Creation's holy book from the beginning
Were the right source of, life and excellence
To mankind"*

—Dante

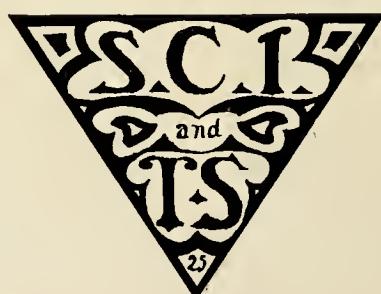
THIS PUBLICATION

The task of preparing the magazine for the press, has on the whole been a pleasant one for the editors, owing to the excellent co-operation of the student body. We feel that this is an indication of our fast-growing school spirit. In former years, nearly all the work has been done by the students of the Collegiate Department, but this year, each department has responded nobly. The commercial forms have submitted some splendid contributions, especially of art. Form 3A deserves special mention; we congratulate you. Of course, there is still room for improvement, notably in

the Junior forms, yet we are hoping that next year, our juniors will follow the splendid example of the seniors. The magazine staff endeavoured to stimulate interest in this issue by offering two pennants, one to the senior form and another to the junior form, contributing the most poetry, prose and art published in this issue. However, we feel that the students have been prompted to write, not by any desire for reward, but by a desire to see this publication a success.

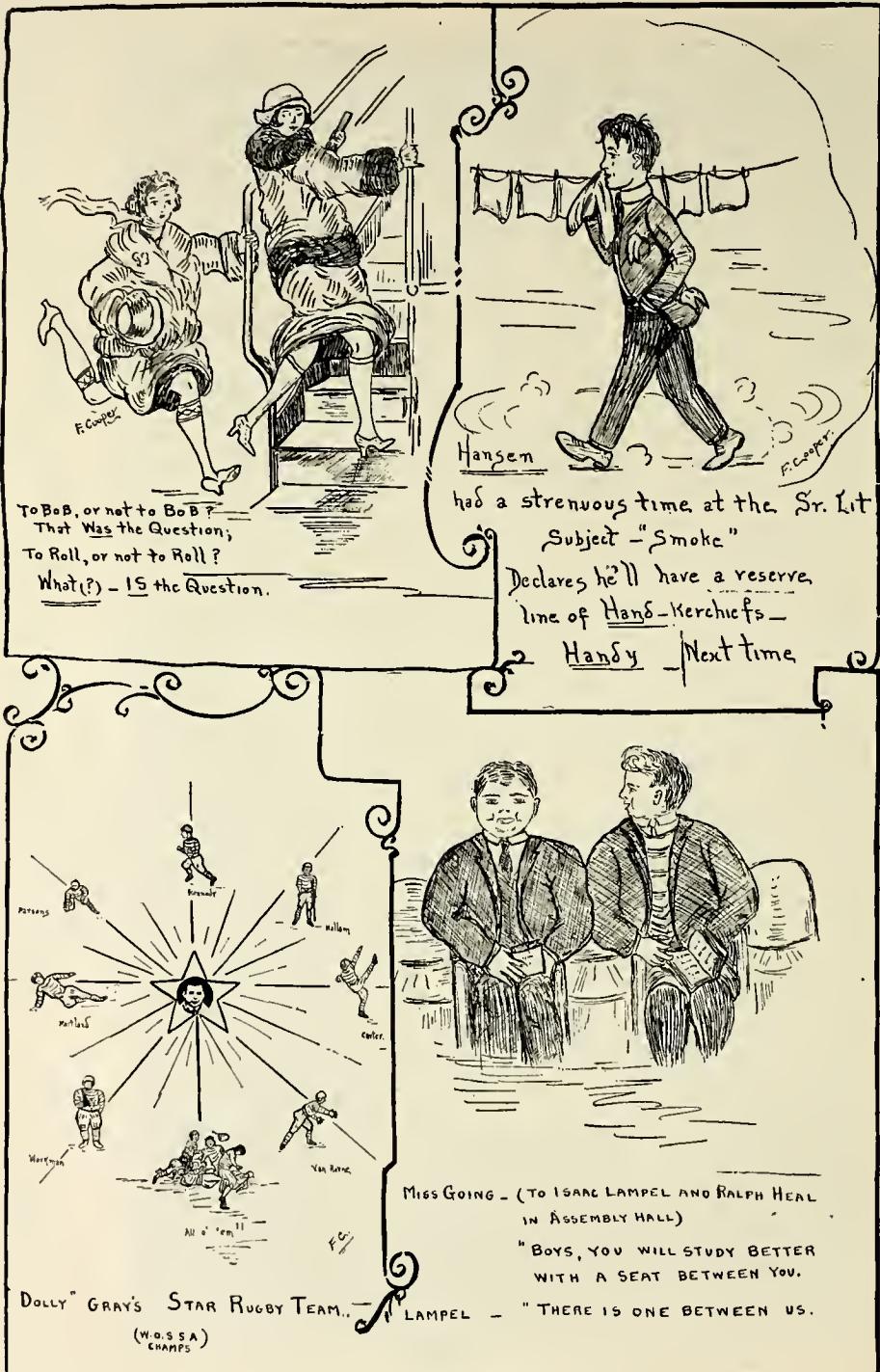
We should like to thank everyone who has assisted us, either by contributions or advice. We are grateful to the girls of the commercial department, who have so kindly typed all our material. Our one regret is that we were unable to print all the contributions.

A question arose this year concerning the naming of the magazine. In former years it has been called the "Collegiate," but on account of our composite school this name was considered by some to be unsuitable as it represented only one of the three departments. The question was referred to the student body and at a morning assembly five students representing the various departments, expressed their opinions on the matter. It was found that the majority of the students including those from the Technical department, preferred to retain the old name "Collegiate."





TEACHING STAFF OF S. C. I. & T. S.
Sitting (left to right)—Mr. Coles, Mr. Dore, Miss Ewart, Mrs. Urquhart, Miss Harris, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Asker.
Standing (left to right)—Mr. Keeber, Mr. Knox, Miss Scarow, Mr. Greenleaf, Miss Nelson, Mr. Dobbins, Miss Jones, Mr. Campbell,
Mr. Treitz, Miss Ferguson, Mr. Gray, Miss Cruickshanks, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Ashbury, Miss Burris.



STUDENT ACTIVITIES

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The division of the student body to form two societies was found successful last year, so the same form was retained this year. They meet alternate weeks, the meetings being attended by the respective student bodies when for forty minutes they are entertained by their fellow students.

The first meeting was held in the latter part of September when nominations were made for the various officers of the executive. Gleed Workman acted as chairman. A few days later the election was held with ballots, scrutineers and one voting poll being placed on each floor. At the next meeting the newly elected officers were given a chance to thank their supporters, and the president and secretary gave short orations on the value of debating, oratory, art and drama. The programme of the succeeding meetings were given over to the elimination contests for the Oratorical and Debating Contests. The speeches were very interesting and beneficial to the members of the society.

Drama was also introduced to the members of the Senior Society when a few students portrayed the 'trial scene' of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Margaret Bentley deserves great credit for the manner in which she portrayed the

difficult role of Portia. The efforts of the others of the cast were also appreciated by the audience. Miss Ferguson spent many hours of her time training these youthful actors and much credit is due her for the success of the programme.

So that more benefit might be derived from the criticism of each meeting, an amendment was made in the constitution. For this year, the critic is chosen for three consecutive meetings from the teaching staff, and gives the report at the end of each meeting.

One of the main duties of the executive of this society is to support the other organization of the school, and it is not failing in this respect this year. With the aid of Mr. Campbell and the teachers, the executive of this society chooses the members of the "Collegiate" staff.

A fee of ten cents is collected from all students for membership in the society.

The officers elected for the executive for 1924-25 are:—

Honorary President—Miss Ferguson.

President—Gleed Workman.

Vice-President—Harold Van Horne.

Secretary—Isabel Foster.

Treasurer—Thomas Newlands.

Girl Reporter—Edna Cobban.

Boy Reporter—Edward Kennedy.

Pianist—Mary Wiley.



SENIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Sitting—Gleed Workman (President).

Standing—Isabel Foster (Secretary), Mary Wiley (Pianist), Harold VanHorne (Vice-President), Miss Ferguson (Honorary President), Edna Cobban (Girl Reporter).

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Junior Literary Society was formed on account of the unwieldiness of one literary organization to include the eight hundred pupils in the school. There are seven rooms represented in the Senior Literary Society and sixteen in the Junior. Fifth, fourth, and third forms belong to the Senior organization, and the second and first form are members of the Junior.

The aim of this society is to give as many pupils as possible an opportunity for practice in public speaking. Oratory, Debating, Music; the Drama, Science have a place in the varied programs. Parliamentary rules of order are followed and this is making the pupils in general familiar with such business procedure. The teachers have co-

operated with the executive by practising the pupils for the respective programmes, and by acting as critics for the meetings. The officers of the society have taken great pride in their work, and have co-operated splendidly with one another. So far the critics' reports have been very favourable; they state that a very high standard has been set by the Junior Literary Society already.

The first programme was chiefly musical. Those who made contributions were: Pauline Mills, Atwood Kennedy, Kenneth Zink, Charles Brush, and Maurice Rhodes. The junior members of the orchestra with Mr. Brush were much appreciated, too, for their willing support. The President, William Ew-



JUNIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Sitting—Mr. Campbell, Myriel Thompson, Harold Hallam (Boy Reporter), Margaret Reid (Treasurer), William Ewener (President), Ruth Carter (Vice-President), Earl Williams (Secretary), Miss Burris.
Standing—Anna Huggard, Clifford Frayne, Jean Claxton, Wallace Brown, Carman Wilson, Elizabeth Ivinston, Calvin Holton, Audrey Hammet, Donald Finch, Claris Higgley.
Front Row—Kenneth Porter, Gordon Gowery, Vincent Norwood.

ener, the Secretary, Earl Williams; the Girl Reporter, Winifred Thompson; the Boy Reporter, Harold Hallam; and the sixteen form representatives were all included in inaugural speeches and platform introduction.

For the second meeting the Pulp Wood Industry in Canada was outlined by splendid speeches made by Mary Leslie, Kenneth Fraser, and Donald Ross. Slides, illustrating the speeches, were shown on the screen and explained by Harold Hallam.

The third meeting brought a debate between 11A and 11D Collegiate. Ralph Misner and Elizabeth Ivinston, representing 11D won the decision from Henry Conn and Edna Butler of 11A.

The fourth program was a Mock

Trial presented by about twenty boys of representative collegiate forms. The performance was very creditable, indeed.

Judge—Ray Cook.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—D. Simmons.

Defendant's Lawyer—A. Wright.

Crier—K. George.

Clerk—F. Laurie.

Constable—J. Waghorne.

Foreman of Jury—T. Eckland.

Jurors—F. Toole, R. Cory, J. Wade, S. Ferguson, D. Rose.

Plaintiff—Geo. Harris.

Defendant—C. Jones.

Witnesses—J. McInniss, M. Laugher.

Ten pupils from the Commercial and Technical forms contributed a particularly interesting Mathematical and Scientific program for the

fifth meeting. James Causesly, Wallace Brown, Robert Chapman, Orpha Bresette, Jack McWatters, Gladys Cosier, James Prendergast, Jean Noble, Clifford Davidson, and Fred James performed and explained their work very ably.

Other promising programs are before us: an oratorical contest, with one speaker from each of the three departments of the school; a musical program, with gramaphone records of famous singers and biographical sketches for each artist; a play, "The Higher Education," by 3A Commercial pupils; another debate; and, the Business Meeting to conclude the term.

The returns of the Membership Fee campaign were very gratifying. In three days 2A and 2B Technical, 2A Collegiate, and 2A and 2B Commercial had a one-hundred per cent

membership. The collectors were; Clifford Frayne, Wallace Brown, Kenneth Porter, Jean Claxton, and Ann Huggard. The other rooms steadily improved their membership until practically 100% has been reached for the sixteen junior rooms of the school. We hope that this loyal co-operation of everyone in the Junior Literary Society this term will be a challenge to the future organization.

Officers of the Junior Literary Society:

Honorary Presidents—Miss Burris; Miss Pugh.

President—William Ewener.

Vice-President—Ruth Carter.

Secretary—Earl Williams.

Treasurer—Margarette Reid.

Reporters—Winifred Thompson, Harold Hallam.

Pianist—Atwood Kennedy.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council of last year drew up a plan for this year. For this reason there has been no meeting of this body. The officers are presidents of various associations and a few teachers:-

Bill Ewener—Junior Literary Society.

Gleed Workman—Senior Literary Society.

Sylvia Manninen—Girls' Athletic Association.

Harold VanHorne—Boys' Athletic Association.

Dorothy French—Glee Club.

Douglas Macklin—Orchestra.

Miss D. L. Brown.

Miss M. A. Harris.

Miss Victoria Scarrow.

Mr. F. C. Asbury.

Mr. G. Coles.

COMMENCEMENT

The annual commencement exercises took place in the Assembly Hall on Friday afternoon, September the nineteenth. By two o'clock the room was filled with proud parents and expectant students, who eagerly awaited the coming event. In his opening remarks Mr. Towers, chairman of the Board of Education, welcomed the student body on behalf of the Board, and congratulated those who were to receive honours. Mr. Campbell in his report of the school work stated that the school had made progress not only in athletics but also in the academic side.

Miss Jean Woodwork, who had the honour of being the first-girl valedictorian in the history of the school, very ably expressed the feelings of her fellow students on leaving the school. She pointed out that although they would no longer be here, yet the school would have a very prominent place in their thoughts, and that memories of life in the S. C. I. and T. S. would spur them on to greater achievements.

The presentation of diplomas and other honours was made by Mr. George Brown, Rev. J. R. Hall, Chas. Grace and Mr. Gray, who act-

ed in the absence of Dr. Hayes. While the freshmen and juniors watched the seniors receive the honours for efficiency in a four or five year course, as the case might be, new hopes sprang up, and great resolves were formed to achieve like recognition in the years to come.

After the presentation a varied and pleasing program followed. The school orchestra under the able leadership of Mr. Brush rendered several much-appreciated selections. The violin solo by Kenneth Zink was very well received. Miss Dor-

othy French contributed a vocal solo in her usual pleasing manner. As a diversion from the musical numbers James Prendergast gave a splendid presentation of Dr. Drummond's poem "De Nice Leetle Canadienne." To demonstrate efficiency of the girls' work in drill periods, two folk dances, "La Jeunesse" by Misses Pauline Mills and Grace Bates; and "Autumn Caprice" by Misses Frances Grace and Olive McGrath, were executed in a delightful manner. Another selection by the orchestra brought this successful program to a close.

THE ORCHESTRA

The S. C. I. & T. S. Orchestra is a most important organization in our school life. Perhaps those who occupy seats in the auditorium every morning, do not realize how much the orchestra adds to the general enjoyment of the morning assembly. But, if the orchestra should fail to appear, there would come a quick realization of how vitally important it has become.

Under the able and untiring leadership of its conductor, Mr. Brush, it has become an orchestra that any school would be proud to own. Its music is the best. It can be truthfully said that it has passed the initial stage.

The orchestra consists of seven violins, including the leader's, three trumpets, a clarinet, saxophone, trombone and a base horn, all of which are skillfully played by the members.

In addition to the work which it does in school hours for the entertainment of the students and staff, it has been present at several activities of the school which take place after the school day. The audience who came to the school

the night of the Wossa Oratorical Contest were pleased to hear besides the speeches which they had expected, many selections by our orchestra. Any confusion or disturbance which might have taken place while the speakers were preparing to appear on the platform was overcome by this most welcome diversion.

The orchestra also played in the Auditorium the night the girls' debating team of the school met that of Stratford Collegiate and the boys' team met that of London Central Collegiate. Before the debate began the audience was favored with music from the orchestra and the time which elapsed while the judges were making their decisions was also employed in this way.

The operetta which the Glee Club of the school presented last year was accompanied only by piano. That performance was universally voted a great success. This year, however, even greater honors were attained since the whole school orchestra was used in the place of the piano.

Thus you may see that the orchestra is a rising power in our school. Without it we would find ourselves severely handicapped and that is the reason it is so greatly appreciated.



ORCHESTRA

Sitting (left to right)—Helen Pront, Leona Glass, Charlie Brush, Ruth Carter, Alma Taylor, Kenneth Zinc.

Standing (left to right)—Douglas Macklin, Kenneth George, Atwood Kennedy, Mr. Brush (Instructor), Hubert Potter, William Southern.

AQUATIC EVENTS 1925

On November 8, 1924 the tank season of the Collegiate opened with a large crowd attending the first meet. This meet was held to decide the school Champions for 1925.

The Port Huron Life Saving Club were invited to participate and responded by putting on a very interesting demonstration in Life Saving and several novelty stunts such as eating, drinking and playing cards under water. The rest of the programme was presented by the students of the school and every event was keenly contested. The interest in the Aquatic Meets is very high in the city and the spectators are always very enthusiastic in their applause.

In the boys swimming events, Dave McKenzie, Edgar Kellam and Alex Hayes were the stars while J. McKeown and Jackson gave a very good diving exhibition. Miss J. Wheatcroft, Miss K. McBurney and Miss V. Simpson starred for the girls.

The novelty stunts attracted much interest and caused a great deal of merriment. Charlie Grace gave a caricature of an old woman falling into the pool to be rescued by the heroic Cliff Carter. Dave McKenzie gave a very realistic imitation of a giant fish when he dragged Bill Constable, the angler into the water.

Eddie Hargrove proved himself to be the champion cork collector

of the school while Miss Jean Wheatcroft seemed to be the best balloon handler. The Port Huron Club annexed first and second places in the plunges with Kellam of Sarnia, third. In the Senior Boys' Relay Race, Kellam's team beat McKenzie's in a close finish.

City Aquatic Meet

On February 7th an open swimming meet was held for the purpose of interesting swimmers in the City. This meet was the outcome of the requests of the city stars who are unable to compete in the school meets. In spite of the short time for preparation and the fact that the swim was held on Dollar Day, the turnout was good and the students had a hard task in holding their tank titles. As City Championships were at stake every event was fast and close, while the judges had a difficult task to perform.

The girls' department ran close behind the boys' in collecting points. The work of Misses Jean Wheatcroft, Flo Laugher and Frances Grace was exceptionally good in the Senior Class with Miss V. Simpson heading the Juniors.

In the Senior Boys' events Edgar Kellam proved to be the dark horse of the evening when he defeated George Scott in the speed event. The school relay team did the unexpected when they beat the fast Technical and City teams. In the underwater race Lawson surprised himself by nosing out Les Smith who annexed the city title for the backstroke. Cliff Carter came first in the long plunge.

In the Junior Boys' events Patterson, Hayes, and Ivinson compared favourably with the Seniors while Jackson made a good impression with his diving. The judges had a hard task in the Senior Diving in judging between Charlie Grace and Joe McKeown.

A great improvement is noted in the students who use the pool and the school ought to be able to hold its own in any intercollegiate aquatic events when swimming takes its

proper place in the high schools and collegiates.

The first event of the evening was a Relay Race between the boys of the school and those of city. Although it was a close finish the school team came in victorious as did the Commercial Department in the following competition against the Collegiate. In the Candle Race which was a very amusing and pretty sight the girls held the lighted candles aloft with one hand and with the aid of the other battled against the wind and waves. In this Florence Laugher was the winner. In the swimming race for junior Miss Vida Simpson came first and secured herself as junior champion. Jean Wheatcroft with her customary graceful diving came first in the Ladies' Diving competition, but Frances Grace was a close second. Win Wheatcroft also came first in the 100 yards free style dash and in the back race and hence was made senior champion. Although Joseph McKeown has always been considered our diving star Charlie Grace put him in second place this year and established himself as Diving Champion. On the whole the school won against the city but that was probably to be expected as we have the pool always with us and if we do not get practice we have no one to blame. We have hopes that Mr. Keeber will go on with the swimming clubs he mentioned and make our swimming even more apt than the present.

The events and their results are as follows.

50 yds. Free Style Men—(1) E. Kellam; (2) G. Scott; (3) W. Carter. Time 33 3-5 sec.

50 yds. Free Style Ladies—(1) J. Wheatcroft; (2) F. Laugher; (3) F. Grace. Time 47 sec.

Junior Diving Boys—(1) Jackson, points $7\frac{3}{4}$; (2) Hayes, points $6\frac{1}{4}$; (3) Stevenson, points 6.

Senior Ladies' Diving—(1) J. Wheatcroft; (2) F. Grace; (3) F. Laugher.

25 yards Junior Boys—(1) A. Hayes; (2) G. Patterson; (3) Ivan-

son. Time 14 3-5 secs.

25 yds. Underwater Men—(1) G. Lawson; (2) W. Kingdom; (3) Smith and McKeown tied. Time 18 sec.

25 yds. Junior Girls—(1) V. Simpson; (2) W. Workman; (3) H. Bishop. Time 24 1-5 sec.

Men's Diving—(1) C. Grace; (2) J. McKeown; (3) G. Lawson.

25 yds. Backstroke Ladies—(1) J. Wheatcroft; (2) F. Laugher, (3) V. Simpson. Time 25 2-5 sec.

Long Plunge—(1) C. Carter, lgth. 37.8 ft.; (2) E. Kellam, lgth. 37.0 ft.; (3) W. Kingdom, lgth. 36.0 ft.

25 yds. Backstroke Men—(1) Les Smith; (2) C. Carter; (3) E. Kellam. Time 20 1-5 sec. .

Candle Race Girls—(1) F. Laugher; (2) J. Wheatcroft; (3) F. Grace. Time 32 sec.

Senior Relay Girls—(1) Commercial; (2) Technical; (3) Collegiate.

Senior Relay Men—(1) Collegiate; (2) Technical; (3) City.

Judges—Frank Dawson, Charles Leaver and Frank Richards.

Timekeepers—Charles White, G. Asker.

Announcer—George Keeber.

SHOOTING GALLERY

The boys of the school interested in rifle shooting evinced greater zeal than ever, last year. Excellent material fairly swarmed to the range for a try out, with the result that, the school was very capably represented in the meet at London. We have now two teams far exceeding the expectations of their captain and instructor, Mr. Fielding.

By means of the hearty co-oper-

ation of the students involved, Mr. Fielding was able to obtain for the school a collection of bronze, silver and gold badges greatly out-numbering that obtained last year. From the ever increasing activity we may conclude that the interest in the shooting gallery has been revived and instead of the scattered few of two years ago, many are those now striving to obtain honours in marksmanship.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Very keen interest in rifle shooting has been taken this year by the members of the cadet battalion of the S. C. I. & T. S. Since the school first opened in September both Mr. Fielding and Mr. Keeber have been kept busy looking after this branch of the school activities, and the results are indeed satisfactory and complimentary to them.

At the beginning of the term the members of last year's team began to get in shape for the "King George Challenge Cup Competition" held at London on October 24, 1924. The outcome of this match was very favorable considering that this is the first year in which our school entered a team in this competition. We reached eighth place in a field of fifteen competing teams.

The personnel of this team was:

F. Allaire, L. Bryant (capt.), R. Heale, C. Holtom (vice-capt.), F. James, F. Lewis, H. Potter, G. Patterson, B. Spears, F. Whitcombe.

The honours in this group were obtained by: 1st R. Heale; 2nd H. Potter; 3rd B. Spears.

In addition to this branch of shooting, there is that of miniature rifle shooting, in which our school entered a team last year with good results. This year, there are two senior teams entered in the "D.C.R. A." Miniature Rifle Competition, winter series; but as yet only one match has been fired. This one match, however, shows us, by an average of 93.33% for A Team, and an average of 86.58% for B Team, that we are going to have a much better standing in the competition than last year.



THE RIFLE TEAM

Standing (left to right)—Karl Wise, Lloyd Hicks, Mac Hall, Keith Taylor, Major E. L. Fielding, Gordon Paterson, Wilmer Arnold, Charles Purves.

Sitting (left to right)—Fred James, Arthur Alexander, Byron Spears, Frank Lewis, Leonard Bryant, Hubert Potter, Ralph Heale, Earl Leckie.

Front Row (left to right)—Warren Patterson, George Timpson, Fergns Allaire, Calvin Holton, Sam Ivinson, Vincent Norwood.

The members of these teams are:
“A”—K. Taylor, H. Potter, L. Bryant, R. Heale, F. Allaire, W. Patterson, E. Leckie, G. Tennant, F. Lewis, B. Spears, G. Patterson, F. James.

“B”—F. Whitcombe, C. Holton, W. Arnold, A. Alexander, L. Hicks, H. Fleet, C. Purves, J. Allaire, M. Hall, K. Wise, I. Ivinson, R. Brodie.

“Dominion Marksmen” pins have been awarded to the following: of which the requirements are—seven shots on each of ten targets with a

possible score of (70) seventy points on each target.

GOLD—67 points: D. Macklin, N. Gark, B. Spears, H. Potter, G. Patterson, F. James, L. Brant.

SILVER—63 points: F. Allaire, K. Taylor, G. Tennant, F. Lewis, F. Whitcombe, R. Heale, W. Arnold, A. Alexander, E. Leckie.

BRONZE—55 points: St. C. Parsons, R. Armer, Wm. Guiifoyle, V. Norwood, H. Fleet, C. Holton, W. Patterson, K. Wise, J. Allaire, L. Hicks.

AT HOME

The most important social event of the school year, the “At Home,” was held on Saturday evening, De-

cember the twentieth. The number of ex-students present at the dance exceeded the number present in pre-

vious years, so that, the committee in charge felt amply repaid for its work in giving the dance for the ex-students.

The boys' gymnasium was transformed into a multi-coloured ballroom by many willing workers. Rows of streamers dangled above the heads of the dancers while rows of balloons ran lengthwise across the gymnasium, until the balloon dance when they gave many a couple a merry chase around the floor. The orchestra held the place of honour in the centre of the room, in a stand beautifully draped with streamers and adorned with balloons. This orchestra of six pieces, known as the "Night Hawks," furnished the participants with the latest revues and encores were constantly in demand.

Robber dances took the place of the regular programme dances with several novelty dances intermingled. The spirit shown in these dances was note-worthy and seem-

ed contagious for soon the patrons and patronesses were eager participants in the dancing. Another attraction of the evening was the fruit punch and the cookies which were served from side tables throughout the evening.

Everyone voted the evening a splendid success and were loath to leave the floor, even after the strains of "Home Sweet Home" had died away.

The Patrons and Patronesses for the evening included: Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Goodison, Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dent.

The committee-in-charge deserves great credit for the splendid success of the evening. The Committee:

Chairman—Harold VanHorne.
Decoration—Olive McGrath.
Entertainment—Lloyd Hallam.
Programme—St. Clair Parsons.
Refreshment—Edna Cobban.

THE SIGNALLERS

This year a departure was made from the custom of previous years, in that the signalling squad was composed entirely of certified signallers. Each member is the owner of an Elementary Semaphore Signalling Certificate which was obtained some time ago as a result of the examination held in Sarnia by Captain Weeks, District Signalling Officer. The result of the training received was shown on inspection

day, when the boys were complimented on their appearance and general efficiency by Colonel Gillespie, the inspecting officer.

The officers in charge of this section this year were Lieutenant Scott and Sergeant Arnott. The Official Report of General King received quite recently, gives the signalling section a first class rating, which is certainly a great tribute to the efficiency of the corps.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

As usual at the first of the year, the boys of the school elected a very capable executive for this association. The officers are:-

Honorary President—Mr. Campbell.

President—Harold VanHorne.

Vice-President—Howard Carter.

Secretary—St. Clair Parsons.
Treasurer—Lloyd Hallam.

After the election of the executive form representatives were appointed by the different forms of the school. Each form also appointed a curator for each of the various activities of the school namely, rug-by, swimming, basket-ball, cadet



BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Left to Right—Lloyd Hallam, Harold VanHorn, St. C. Parsons, Howard Carter.

corps, soft-ball, hockey, shooting, volley-ball, baseball and track and field events.

The purposes of the Boys' Ath-

letic Association are to foster the different athletics of the school and also to provide finances for the different teams.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

The seventh annual reception for the new members of the school given by the older students took place on October 10, 1924. Prior to the real initiation which was held in the evening, the freshettes were forced to wear all day, caps of green crepe paper as a reminder of their extreme youth and tenderness. At 7.45 P.M. each freshette accompanied by her senior, came to the girls' gymnasium. The affair was conducted with order and system.

After having been introduced, the freshettes were taken away from their protecting seniors to the boys' gymnasium where they were drawn

up in groups of ten. When they had been blindfolded, they sat in mute fear, awaiting the result. A novel feature of the performance this year was that it was in the form of a trial, where each group of ten members was accused of some wrong-doing. Besides the accused the court consisted of a judge (Hon. Teskey), court crier (Marion Henderson) and two executioners (Grace Smith and Jane Clark). The executioners played an important part in carrying out the sentence imposed for one of the marked offences—that of showing disrespect to the awe-inspiring sen-

iors! Such a serious offence as this of course necessitated drastic treatment so the ten guilty freshettes came forward to be beheaded by Jane Clark, Grace Smith, and the shining silver hatchet. A second grave mistake of which one group of these first formers was accused was that of demanding from Mr. Grant an extra Latin class to be held on Saturday. To teach them that an act of this kind was not diplomacy, a feather was fastened on each nose with molasses and these they were required to blow off. This, as may be guessed, provided a great deal of amusement. Many other crimes were discussed and sentences pronounced on the guilty, but those mentioned were the most humorous.

Following the trial, the glad cry of "Food!" was heard and a mad rush was made for the girls' gymnasium. With some difficulty this

was stopped and a single line was formed in which each senior stood once more behind her freshette. They all filed around the girls' gymnasium, past the door of the supply room where each girl was provided with refreshments. They then returned to the boys' gymnasium by the other door.

A new method was adopted in the matter of serving the ice cream, and those on the refreshment committee found the neatly arranged packages of "Artic Sweethearts" much more convenient than the former method of serving ice cream from the large cans.

About eleven P.M. the party broke up and the freshettes went home with mingled feelings of relief at having safely passed the terrors of initiation, and of pride at realizing that they were now, in truth, full-fledged members of our school.

RUGBY BANQUET

On Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1925, the members of the Senior Rugby Team sat down to a sumptuous dinner at the Riding Club.

Among those present in addition to the members of the team were Coaches Ross Gray, and Beattie Jennings, Dr. A. N. Hayes, L. H. Richards of the Board of Education and Principal D. A. Campbell, B. Gray, W. G. Coles and C. A. Keeber of the Staff.

At the conclusion of the meal several toasts were preposed and fittingly replied to, with Principal Campbell acting as toast-master. Following the toasts Captain "Ted" Kennedy presented Coach "Dolly" Gray with a fountain pen, and Harold VanHorne gave Assistant Coach

"Son" Jennings a pipe. After the presentation speeches were made by the guests, following which each member of the team gave a one-minute talk.

At this stage it was considered advisable to elect a captain and a manager for the team of 1925; and as a result Lloyd Hallam was elected captain and Walter Callum, manager. The prospects of next year's team were discussed and considered to be excellent. There was some discussion also as to who should be eligible for the school letter, but the matter was left over to be settled later by a committee consisting of the Student's Council and a representative from each organization and team in the school.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The G. A. A. Executive was elected early in the school year and has been an aggressive and hard-working body ever since. The main ex-

ecutive was aided, this year, by curators—that is, in each form four girls were elected to represent basket-ball, baseball, hockey and swim-



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Sitting (left to right)—Jennie Wise, Irene Fawcett, Miss Scarrow, Sylvia Manninen, Florence Laugher.

Standing (left to right)—Margaret Hall, Ruth Kirkpatrick, Helen Donald, Miss Burriss, Margaret Simpson, Jean Wheatcroft.

ming respectively. A convenor was chosen from the curators for each sport, to act on the main executive.

Field day plans and events were looked after by this body of girls. A basket-ball team was chosen also, practices have been held regularly and the team is winning it way steadily into the finals. Baseball teams were chosen, a very exciting game taking place on the campus on Field Day when the Collegiate girls defeated the Commercial girls 14-8. Hockey was also attempted and a few successful practices were held, but no games could be arranged. Doug. Macklin and Miss Going acted as coaches while Olive McGrath was captain, and Edna Cob-

ban manager of the would-be hockey team.

The work of this association has been more noteworthy than previous years. The officers of the executive:

Honorary Presidents—Miss Pugh, Miss Scarrow, Miss Burriss.

President—Sylvia Manninen.

Vice President—Florence Laugher.

Secretary—Irene Fawcett.

Treasurer—Jennie Wise.

Curators—Basket-ball: R. Kirkpatrick; Hockey: Margaret Hall; Baseball: Helen Donald; Swimming Jean Wheatcroft.

THE GLEE CLUB

The success, both from a financial and artistic viewpoint, with which the Glee Club met last year, in the production of "Pinafore" provided sufficient incentive for the presentation of a new operetta "Zanie" again under the instruction of Mr. Lawrence Martin. Much credit is due those who faithfully attended the meetings and gave generously of their time, in the interests of an organization which comprises such a small percentage of the student body. The executive wishes to express their appreciation of the work done by Miss Nichol, Mr. Asbury, Mr. Dobbins, Mr. Durnford, Ralph Misner and all those who helped in any way.

On the evenings of March 6 and 7, the play was presented, and at each performance the cast strove in every way to rival that of last year. Under the direction of Miss Nichol and Vivian Norwood, the stage was fitted to represent a typical gypsy camp, and again a drawing room in an English manor.

The setting for "Zanie" is laid in the outskirts of Devonshire, England, and the characters are taken from an English family of nobility, and a band of gypsies which has just arrived in the neighborhood.

Herbert Glenville (Lawrence Martin) has made the discovery of their arrival, and on learning that it is the same band which had camped there some months previously and among whom there was a very lovely maiden, whose acquaintance he had made, he at once rushes home to tell his sister Stella (Margaret McCormick). She is very indignant at first but at last is persuaded to go to the gypsy camp to see Zanie (Dorothy French) and the other gypsies.

On arrival at the camp, the gypsies are gathered around the campfire singing, Stella sees at once that Zanie is no gypsy and points out to Herbert that she does not resemble any one of them. On seeing them, Zanie approaches and sings, "Ye

are welcome friends," in such a charming voice and manner as to arouse Stella's instant admiration. Farral (Harold VanHorne) the leader of the gypsies, persuades Herbert, on the side, to run away from home and join them. This appeals to Herbert and when he has seen Stella safely home, having extracted from her a promise of secrecy, he returns to the gypsy camp.

A few days later while Stella and the elder sister Irene (Vivian Norwood) are entertaining a few friends, Emily (Mary Wiley) at the suggestion of Florence (Dorothy Young) sings "Think of the Absent One." Sir Henry Glenville (Allan Wadsworth) who has joined the girls that he might enjoy the music, is moved by the words since it recalls to his mind a very singular occurrence, much in keeping with the song. He tells them that Mr. Ringgold (Mr. Asbury) an American, whose daughter was stolen from him when a child, has just arrived in England, with hope of finding her among the gypsies. Moreover, the words have played upon Stella's emotions, and when she hears her father's story, she bursts into tears and reveals her secret to him. Although severely reprimanded by Irene, she finds Sir Henry sympathetic. He prepares at once, however, to follow his son.

Back in the camp, the gypsies have retired with the exception of Hepsichore (Catherine Sterne) a fortune-teller and the pretended mother of Zanie. She has, by witchcraft foretold that, on the morrow Zanie is to be crowned Queen. As she sings "While the burning embers glow," and stirs into the cauldron, magic potions, the whole scene takes on a weird and gloomy atmosphere. But when Zanie has gone to rest, a most romantic effect is produced by Herbert, who, keeping vigil, sings the sad sweet melody "Sleep on thou art happy."

Into the midst of the merrymaking on the following day, while the



GLEE CLUB

Sitting (left to right)—Miss Jones, Mr. Asbury, Dorothy French (President), Harold VanHorne,
Miss Harris.
Standing (left to right)—Ross Nicol, Doris Prouse, Margaret Hall, Mr. Martin (Instructor).

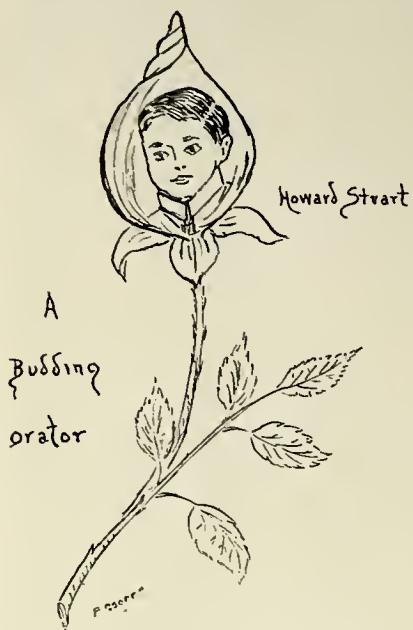
gypsies are witnessing the crowning of the Queen, a messenger, (Neil Suhring) rushes in to warn them that their enemies, the house-dwellers with Sir Henry Glenville as leader, are about to attack their camp. Almost immediately the besiegers are upon them, and demand the two children whom they are seeking. On seeing Zanie, Mr. Ringgold is convinced that she is his long lost daughter, whereupon he calls to his wife who is waiting at a short distance. Mrs. Ringgold (Anna Boyington) comes forward singing the cradle song with which she used to sing her child to sleep. During the whole song Zanie seems to be in a daze, and then, gradually, her memory brings it all back to her.

While the Ringgolds are being

congratulated by their friends on the restoration of their daughter, Dora, and Herbert has received his father's forgiveness, Stella comes in with her little "I told you so" to her brother. At this time Dora and Herbert decide they cannot be parted, and since there seems to be no possible objection, the parents consent to their marriage, which, in view of the fact that the Ringgolds have decided to sail for America on the following day, must take place almost at once.

In the last scene the bridal pair have entered to receive the congratulations of the assembled company, and the blessing of their parents. Although saddened by the thought of parting, the friends hide their grief and bid them "Bon Voyage," with cheerful countenances.

W.O.S.S.A. ORATORY AND DEBATING TEAMS



After the usual preliminary inter-form contest Miss Helen Donald and Mr. Harold VanHorne were chosen to represent the school in the Wossa annual oratory competition.

The first round was held in the auditorium of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, on the evening of Feb. 13, 1925. The judges were Professors Allen and Collins, of the University of Western Ontario, and Professor Clark of the London Normal School. Helen Donald won the girls' contest by default, her subject being "Physical Education." Cameron Corrigan, of Strathroy, speaking on "Heroes of Our Polar Expeditions" was adjudged the best of the boy orators. Harold VanHorne, representing the school, dealt very ably with his subject "Peace."

Having been eliminated in the boys' contest, the school pinned its hopes on the forensic abilities of Helen Donald, but at London, on Friday evening, February 27, she

was defeated by a more experienced rival, Miss Ruth Lawton, of London South.

In the debating field, the school has, to date, been more successful. The scene of the first battle was in the auditorium of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute on Saturday evening, January 24th. Howard Stuart and Heber Nethery, both of 4B, debating on the affirmative side of the proposition, "That the government is more democratic than that of the United States," met two boys of the Walkerville school. The Sarnia boys won, establishing all their points but one.

Much interest was taken in the next round of the debate, as both the girls' team and the boys' team took part, and the debate was held at home. In both the cases the visiting teams had the choice of subject and side, yet the laurels went to the Sarnia debators.

Marian Henderson and Gwen McKay, both of 4A represented the school in the girls' contest defeating Misses M. Neilson and M. Bushfield of Strathroy. The Sarnia girls had the affirmative side of the debate, "Resolved; that Canadian Trade should be developed within the Empire, rather than with foreign countries."

In the boys' debate, the London team, composed of Paddy Screamton and Bill Mills, lost the decision to the school team, Jack Holton and Jude Warwick, the subject being, "Resolved; that Canada offers more advantage to the immigrant settler than does the United States." The London team took the affirmative side. Bill Mills, of the visiting team, brought out some interesting data in regard to living conditions in the American cities.

Both teams are hoping for success in the final contests, eager to add to the decoration of the cavernous cabinet on the main stairway.



ORATORS AND DEBATORS

Sitting—Harold VanHorne, Helen Donald, Melvin Warwick.

Standing—Heber Nethery, Gwen McKay, Howard Stuart, Marion Henderson, Jack Holton.

CADET CORPS

At the annual inspection last May the cadet corps of the school made a splendid showing before Lt. Col. G. H. Gillespie, inspector of cadets for military district No. 1. A large number of parents and others were present including Mayor George Andrew, Wilfred Haney, Lt. Col. C. G. Woodrow, 149th Lambton battalion, Major Stokes, Major Robinson of Lambton battalion, Major Geo. Lucas, O. C. No. 2 Cory 2nd Canadian Machine Gun Brigade and Captain Milne. Complimentary addresses were given by Col. Gillespie, Mayor Andrew, Mr. Haney, Colonel Woodrow and Principal D. A. Campbell.

Prior to inspection, the cadets marched through the city headed by the bugle band. At the campus the corps went through battalion, com-

pany, and platoon drill and marched past in company column, Colonel Gillespie taking the salute.

The cadets were then addressed by Colonel Gillespie, who said that he was greatly impressed by the smartness of the corps on parade and their general proficiency. He had already inspected four corps in the district and he felt confident that Sarnia corps would rank the highest for the general proficiency shield in the London District. He especially complimented the commander and the collegiate on the efficiency of the bugle band and did not fail to remark that every member of the signalling corp was a certified signaller. He thought that the efficiency of the corps might be increased by the establishment of a stretcher bearer section.

Tea Dance

After inspection all enjoyed a merry time at the tea dance given in the Gymnasium. Refreshments were served after which dancing continued until seven o'clock.

The cadets were in charge of Cadet Commander Charles Grace, with Harold VanHorne second in Command. Captain Eddie Robinson was O. C. No. 1 Corps, Captain Gleed

Workman O. C. No. 2 Corps, Battalion Sgt. Major Clement White, Signalling Officer William Scott, Platoon Leader, Charles LeBel, David MacKenzie, St. Clair Parsons, Logan Millman, Stanley Crompton, Homer Harkins, Arthur Brown, Roy Brown, Thomas Newlands, Quarter Master Fred Whitcombe, with Douglas Macklin in charge of the Bugle Band completed the number of officers.

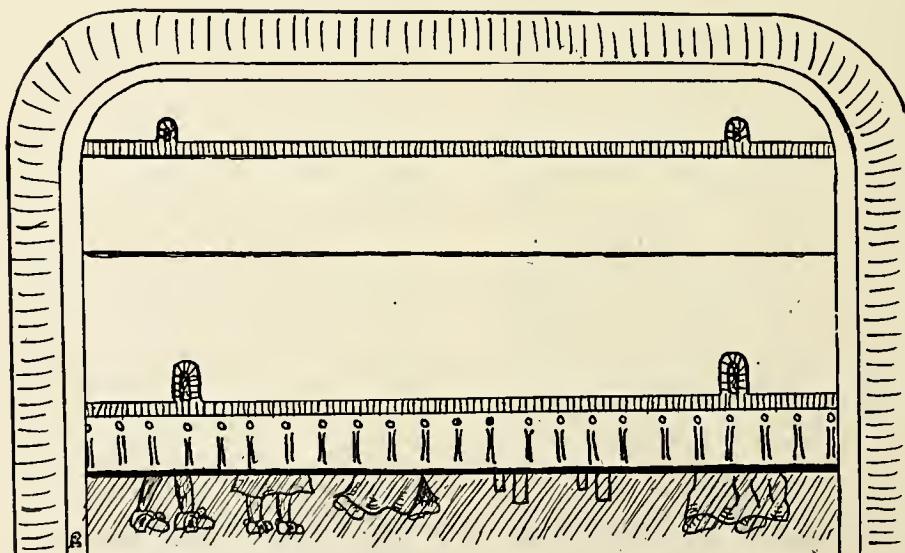
SKATING RINKS ON THE CAMPUS

Early in the season, through the generosity of the members of the Luncheon Club of the Chamber of Commerce, a large open air skating rink was made ready for use on the west side of the campus. This soon became the mecca for hundreds of skaters.

Adequate lighting was installed for night skating, and dressing rooms and check rooms were placed at the disposal of the skaters. The rinks remained open until ten thirty each night. Certain hours each afternoon were set aside for the practice of our hockey teams and

no doubt they owe much of their effectiveness and success to these daily practices.

In order to help defray expenses of the rink, carnivals were held in which hundreds of people took part and to music furnished by the Citizen's band, weird and fantastic creatures glided about on the ice. Prizes were given for fancy dress and figure skating. Tags were sold to aid the financing of the rink. Much praise is due to the Luncheon Club for the way skating was supervised and the ice kept in such splendid condition.





Miscellaneous

A COURSE IN MODERN COLLEGIATE HISTORY

1. GOVERNMENT OF S.C.I.

The government of the Collegiate in the year 1914—of the foundation of the school the 63rd—was substantially the same as the present administration. The principle bodies were the Board of Education and the Faculty.

2. THE BOARD.

Was, as now, a group of men elected by our revered parents and their neighbours. Sarnia has been fortunate in the personnel of the Board.

3. THE FACULTY.

In 1914 was composed of eleven members, varying from despots to democrats. At the head of this august body we find the Principal, who at this time also occupied the Ministry of Mathematics.

4. ARTHUR I.

Was of the House of Overholt. Familiarly known to his loyal subjects as "Ovie," he made his presence felt, particularly to those unfortunate malefactors summoned to the tribunal in sumptuous sanctorum officially known as the "Office."

5. D. M. GRANT.

Minister of Classics, was an important member of the Faculty. He was wont to order some students "to go to the country and dig post-holes," but as far as is known these sentences were never carried out.

6. "THE COLLEGIATE."

Was first issued at Christmas time, 1914. It was announced that prominent alumni would write an article for each issue.

7. THE FIRST RUGBY BANQUET.

Was held on December 11, 1914, in the Colonial Hotel. Each player was presented with five dollars by Hon. W. J. Hanna.

8. THE GREAT WAR.

Had already affected the school in 1915. The honour roll in April carried 125 names. In this year "Dolly" Gray was captain of the basketball team and "Lou" Phippen of the Rugby team. The brothers Paterson and "Stew" Henderson were prominent students. "Doug" Bell was Lit. president and "Dave" Stokes was secretary. Dave and his wheel-chair were well-known on the campus.

9. By Christmas of 1917, eight students had been killed in France. Bob McDougal was Lit. president. He and Doug. Bell went to the Board to

obtain permission for an "At Home" in the Assembly Hall. Although permission was refused the dance was held in the City Hall.

10. CLARENCE II., OF THE HOUSE OF BROWN.

Succeeded Arthur Overholt in the autumn of 1918. Miss Harris, Miss Gordon and Miss Burke arrived at this time also. Miss Gordon, while not here long, became well known. Miss Harris you all know. No words of your historian could add to her popularity. She has firmly entrenched herself in our hearts.

11. "THE FAMOUS VICTORY."

In this year an event of great portent took place, a victory was won, and a precedent established. Up to this time dancing had not been permitted in the school. A petition was circulated, 250 names were secured and the petition was presented to the board by Ed. McCobb, Elgin Turnbull and Harold Slater. They, along with Dr. Hayes, Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Goodison and Mr. J. B. Williams, of the Board, should never be forgotten.

12. In 1918 the new collegiate and technical school was first mentioned. The faculty consisted of Mr. Brown, Mr. Grant, Mr. Dent, Miss Cruickshanks, Miss Harris, Miss Story, Miss L. Campbell, Miss M. Campbell, Mr. Runnings, Misses Gordon and Burke.

13. MISS GLADYS STORY.

Minister of English, deserves more than a word of praise. Her name might fittingly be engraved on a permanent tablet in the hall of the school. We owe her a debt we will never be able to repay, for the way in which she fostered the school spirit of the S.C.I.

14. DAVID V. CORCORAN.

No review of life at the old school would be complete without mention of "Davy." Reporting students' misdemeanours was not to be thought of by him and he enjoyed a unique popularity with both staff and pupils. It was one of the things most regretted by the student body that Davy was unable to come to the new building.

15. The year 1919 brought to the school the three Carter Scholarships for Lambton County. Lillian Fuller was president of the G.A.A. and Bob McDougall of the B.A.A. Ed. Ferguson was captain of the rugby team. The rugby championship was lost to Hamilton by 2 points.

16. In the year 1920 the staff was increased to twelve members. Miss Nichol took the ministry of Art in this year. Hardy Hill was an editor on the magazine staff and president of the Lit. Other students prominent in this year were Mary McGeachy, Mina Knowles, Peg Deans, Margaret Dawson, Lillian Fuller, Keith Watson, Ted Newton, Carl Manore, Gordon Carr and Poke McGibbon. Florence Buckindail made her debut in S.C.I. athletics. 1920 was the championship year. The rugby team, defeating De La Salle 9-8, won the O.R.F.U. inter-scholastic championship. Both Junior and Senior track teams won the trophies at the London meet. For the sixth successive year the three Carter Scholarships came to Sarnia.

17. 1921-22—By defeating U.T.S 15-5, the school won the inter-scholastic rugby championship again. Walter Potter was president of the Literary Society and Ted Newton was editor of the Collegiate. Bill Donohue and Florence Buckindail were presidents of the Athletic Associations. At this time the W.O.S.S.A. is first mentioned in the magazine. Prominent among the student body we note the names of Jean Conn, Bernice Knowles, Helen Saurwein, Ross Simpson, K. Clark, Cliff Carter, Ed. Hanna, Geo. Simpson,

Jack Richardson and Eddie Robinson. The Girls' B.B. team Won the Wossa Championship.

18. 1922-23—This year saw the opening of the new school and the accession of a new principal, Mr. D. A. Campbell. Mr. Campbell's decision on any matter is startlingly direct, and abrupt, but he is always ready and willing to explain. This attitude has won the respect and admiration of faculty and students alike. It is under his leadership that the huge institution, S.C.I. and T.S., runs so smoothly. Under the leadership of Jack Richardson the rugby team went forward to another championship. The Senior and Junior Track Trophies returned to the school this year. Hibert Corey was Lit. president. The Athletic Associations were under the leadership of Leila Fraser and Jack Richardson.

J. M. WARWICK—4A.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

JEAN Wheatcroft—3A Coll. Sr. Field Day Champion.

JEAN Needham—Spec. Com. Int. Field Day Champion.

JEANNIE (Jennie) Wise—3A Com. Jr. Field Day Champion.

ARCHITECTURE

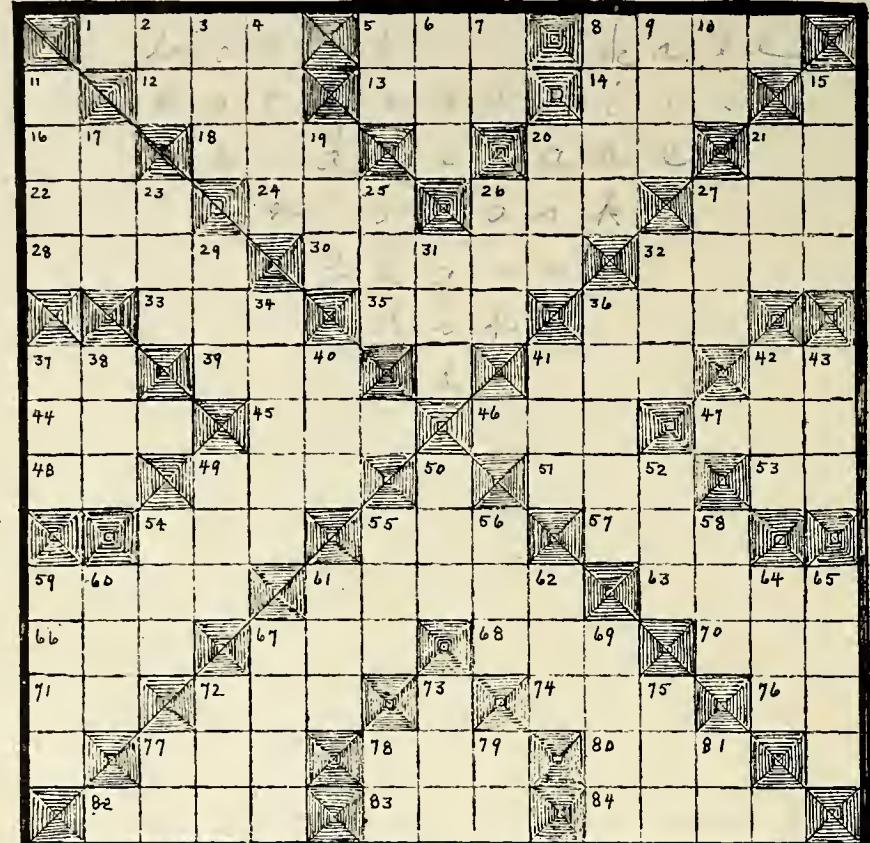
"A savage is a man of one story, and that one story a cellar.
When a man begins to be civilized, he raises another story.
When you christianize and civilize the man, you put story upon story,
for you develope faculty after faculty; and you have to supply every story
with your productions."

—Henry Ward Beecher.



DOCTOR A. N. HAYES

Our school has lost a friend and our board of education its chairman. For fifteen years Dr. Hayes has been one of the most effective members of that board, and few men have supported our every interest with such unflagging energy. The doctor was a graduate of Western University, London. A gold medalist of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and a post-graduate of McGill University. Though he ardently encouraged any movement for the improvement of education, he naturally watched with especial keenness the growth of physical education. Every athlete was certain of this man's deep personal interest and of his financial assistance. Our students, academic, and athletic, mourn the death of this benefactor.



HORIZONTAL

1. A form of our school
 5. A huge serpent
 8. A vegetable
 12. To consume
 13. An extremity
 14. It is (ab.)
 16. A preposition
 18. A measure of length
 20. A playing card
 22. Negative
 24. Noise of a cow
 26. To enquire
 27. Not good
 28. To arrange
 30. A window pane
 32. A struggle
 33. Something earned
 35. To touch in water
36. Part of the verb to be
 37. Like
 39. A horse
 41. Definite article
 42. A boy's name
 44. To relate
 45. A torn piece of cloth
 46. A species of deer
 47. A short poem
 48. A term used on bookkeeping
 49. Or
 51. To lift
 53. Close to
 54. It is (ab.)
 55. Noise of a sheep
 57. An elongated fish
 59. Pertaining to post office
 61. A sorceress

VERTICAL

2. A pronoun
 3. A propeller
 4. A minute particle
 5. To exist
 6. Unity
 7. Advertisement (ab.)
 8. To strike in fun
 9. Consumed
 10. Land Surveyor (ab.)
 11. A part of the body
 15. Small flowers
 17. A slight bow
 19. An animal
 20. A beast of burden
 21. A mineral
 23. An extremity
 25. Aged
26. A poisonous serpent
 27. A conveyance
 29. A color
 31. To help
 32. A girl's name
 34. Lies
 36. An interrogative pronoun
 37. A poisonous serpent
 38. Sorrowful
 40. Happy
 41. An extremity
 42. A girl's name
 43. To wager
 49. To be ill
 50. A rodent
 52. Affirmation
 54. A character in "Scrooge's Christmas"
55. Used to hold grain
 56. Perform
 58. To drink
 59. Constructed
 60. A part of a circle
 61. Pale
 62. A pronoun
 64. Still
 65. Cessation
 67. Price of passage
 69. Part of the body
 72. To knock
 73. Succeeded
 75. A species of deer
 77. A degree (ab.)
 78. To act
 79. Point of the compass
 81. A pronoun

Hazel Stephenson.



We heard of a fellow who was so crooked that he stole the harness off a nightmare.

o o o o

A rumour is abroad that Mike Burleigh and Roy Burge have accepted positions as truant officers, at the International Correspondence School.

o o o o

Who were the Sarnia students who were caught taking celery from a fruit stand in London, after the Hamilton game?

Were they the same students who annexed the hot-dogs in Peter Clark's grocery store?

o o o o

Some say that it was Roy Alexander Brown who started the fight after the Windsor game. The big bully.

o o o o

We are pleased to announce that Freddie Whitcombe has accepted a position in the orchestra on the lightship "Huron" next summer—He will play the fog horn.

o o o o

We wonder if Kennedy, Parsons, Hallam and Carter got much sleep after the basketball game in London?

o o o o

Do you suppose Cecil has bought the ring yet?

o o o o

We hear that Mr. Andrews haunts the celebrated halls of the S.C.I. in the hope that another staff picture will be taken soon.

o o o o

Strayed from the school premises on Thursday, February 19th, several teachers just in time to escape the camera. Anyone with information as to their whereabouts, please report same to Principal D. A. Campbell and receive a handsome reward.

o o o o

Someone is always offering what is supposed to be an original excuse for missing a period but the one that takes the diamond-studded stomach pump was offered by two young couples from 4A about December 19th. It must have been for a worthy cause that they were allowed to do their shopping jointly. We wonder if there was any dissension in the ranks about the choice of such a delicate present but perhaps they believed that "in numbers there is strength."

o o o o

We wonder if visions of coal cars still haunt Mr. Keeber's peaceful slumbers.

We would like to know if Jack Hayne and Charlie Sole have done any further work in the fitting out of their proposed aquarium.

Who is Jerry McVean thinking of when he sings "Hard Hearted Hannah?"

Who were the S.C.I. students who wrecked Sedwick's after a basketball game?

Who is the brilliant young debater whose favorite remark is "OOH—Jooooody?"

We wonder who the blonde was that made the London boys lose their debate? Oh we don't wonder at all! . . . So there!

Someone has asked us if we know who broke the furniture in Gray's law office after the rugby banquet? "No WE didn't know."

Parsons is always doing one thing or the other—either sheiking or sleeping.

Ask Hallam if he had a good time at the Winter Garden in London. These S.C.I. boys don't fool.

How many know that Warwick's name is Melville? We dunno, do you?

Where does Ted Kennedy go every Saturday night?

Who were the two effeminate males who were so diligently applying the powder puff in the dressing room of the London Central C.I. when the basketball team visited there last year?

We wonder if the mathematician Carter has found out how long it takes a glass of water to drop fourteen stories.

Some people wonder if the humor editor thinks he will ever amount to much.

Wait and see.

We are delighted this year, that the members of our last year Graduating Class now in attendance at the London Normal School have not forgotten their old friends and have sent us this verse to swell our columns.

A Contribution from the "London Normalites"

Fran Taylor and Edith Mills
To-gether pay their honest bills.
They are always together quite
Morning, afternoon and night.

Ursula Logan, away from home,
Fell down iced steps and broke a bone.
Jessie Kerr, tall and dark
Has lately been on many a lark.

Mumps have been quite the rage.

Bertha got them at her age.
 Lovilla, with her smile
 Has helped us along through many a mile.

Jean Woodwark, with her charm,
 Is always ready with a yarn.
 Helen Workman, without a care
 Went to the barber's and cut her hair.

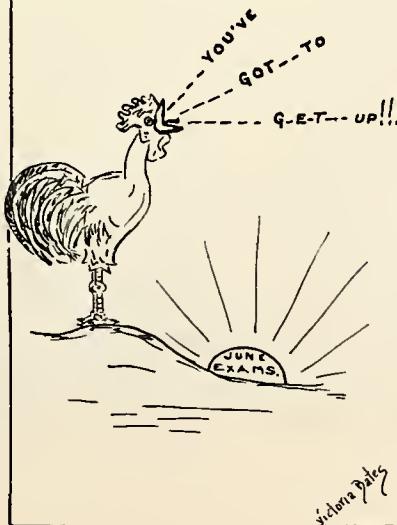
Some can boast of many a sheik,
 But Lillian Wheatley, none can beat.
 By a sad misstep of fate
 Louise Needham started late.
 Most of us board near the school
 But Thelma Hamilton breaks the rule.

Roy Hardick, down the street
 In his spec's looks very neat.
 With Mr. Hardick, rooms our Glenn
 He's quite a sheik among the men.

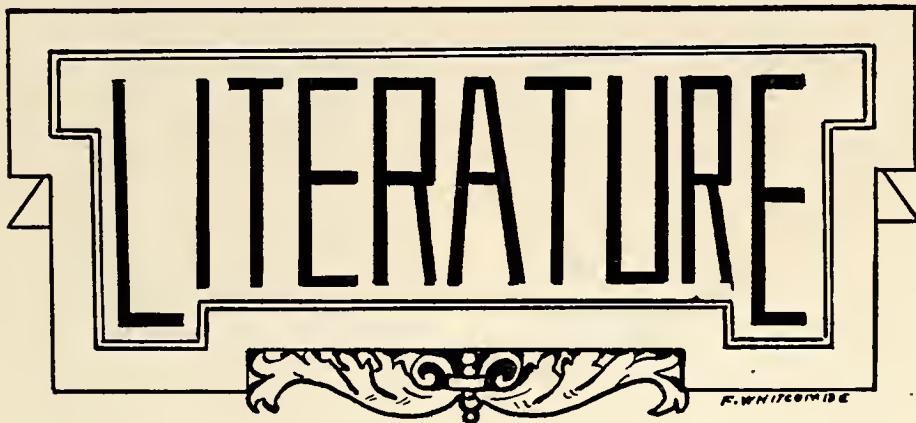
Pat Silcox is with us too
 He goes with St. Thomas crew.
 Mint White too is in our ring,
 And he's having quite a fling.

The Sarnia Normalites of '25
 Wish to say, "We hope you thrive
 And gain success in years to come
 And always win more than we have won."

A New Year's Resolution.







SECRETS OF THE SNOW

By Nadine Paterson, V.

(This story is the winner of the medal in the "Collegiate" short story competition judged by Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Urquhart, and Miss Brown).

From the Cliquot waterfall northward for half a mile the Mattagami river swirls between sheer walls of rock. Beyond that the left bank still continues a stern iron-bound rampart pitted by the fierce currents that gnaw and lash its base. The right bank, however, slowly relents until it sinks into a low jagged parapet which at last drops abruptly down to a strip of smooth white sand that borders the river for some two hundred yards. Surging up around it the pines close in to the very brink of the rushing water.

At the edge of the escarpment overhanging the tiny beach, a group of huge boulders balance perilously. Their exposed sides are concave scarred with the hieroglyphics of the north wind. Almost in the centre of the pile a gigantic cone of red granite towers above its lesser neighbours. The apex of the cone is gone, leaving a flat surface some four feet in diameter. On the leeward side ten rough steps have been carved out, leading to a flag-stoned path that curves down the slope, vanishing at last in the thick undergrowth.

The path is a strange incongruous thing in that untrdden wilderness; assuredly man-made though when or by whom even the Indians cannot tell. Those who dare to travel the rugged trails along the Matagami call it the altar of Manitou. It seems indeed like a huge pulpit, fashioned by some vanished god of the wilderness, from which he held his services with the muttering river for his choir, the sighing pines his congregation.

The sun had dropped below the tops of the tallest trees, leaving in its wake a mellow-golden radiance that slowly retreated as the shadows crept up from the north and east. From behind the granite spur a thin spiral of smoke arose. Twilight twinkled through the interstices of the stones.

In the leeward shelter of the rocks, Dick Cleve, vagabond-prospector, and adventurer, lounged before a blazing camp-fire, gazing meditatively up at the granite crag against which he leaned. Beside him stood his rifle, gleaming dully as the flames played over it. It was the only thing he carried. For Cleve was travelling light and fast,

hoping to reach Nome before the boat left for Seattle. He would never come back to the north, he told himself. There was nothing left for him, now that all hope of finding Larry MacTavish had died.

A flame licked out and touched his tattered boot. With a muttered oath he sprang to his feet, scattering the burning embers with a vicious kick. As the light flared up, his eyes rested wonderingly upon the crumbling stair-way climbing up the face of the rock.

From the top of the pinnacle Cleve surveyed the broad lands beneath, misty purple in twilight. Over the cliff wall on the opposite side of the water a full moon was rising, silvering the path of the river as it writhed northward; northward to the twisted stunted forests and tundras of the barren lands. At his feet the narrow strip of sand gleamed whitely like an old scar. The moonlight danced weirdly among the stones, pockmarked by the wrath of countless blizzards.

Blizzards! What bitter memories the thought awoke. It had been almost five years now, since the day Larry had vanished into that shriek-maelstrom of wind and sleet. As long as life lasted Cleve would remember that last glimpse of him, standing upon the ridge above the village of Minak Porya the Esquimaux, half-concealed by the driving snow, one arm raised in farewell and a smile on his lips. Then he had gone And the passing years brought no word.

Larry had been assistant factor at L'Amable that season. Why, no one knew. Certainly it was not to learn the fur-trade, for his utter carelessness and indifference in that direction daily drove the grizzled factor, Sandy MacGregor, into ecstasies of rage. Had it been anyone else he would have been sent out with the first mail-sled. But there were whispers that Larry's father had been a power in the councils of the Hudson's Bay. So MacGregor governed his actions accord-

ingly, though at times his tongue broke all bounds.

The only apparent interest Larry took in the business of the post was at the periodical visits of the Indian trappers. Time after time he dragged the suspicious redmen away from a trading conference and plied them with questions while MacGregor gnawed his finger-tips and muttered furiously to Cleve, his nephew, concerning the intelligence of headquarters in picking assistants.

The post had been desperately lonely that winter. Even the mail-carrier, who was their main link with outside world, had failed to pierce the barrage of storms that swept unceasingly out of the barrens. Then it was Larry's cheery personality that brightened the deadly monotony. Night after night as the wind moaned around the creaking cabin, they huddled close to the huge glowing stone while McTavish poured out tales of the cities of the east. It had seemed like another world to Cleve. Each story vivid with Larry's inimitable wit and description strengthened his already growing desire to leave the north. But when he mentioned it, his uncle had laughed.

"Leave the north? Leave the post where you will factor some day? No, No! You are crazy Dick lad."

So Dick had subsided, outwardly at least. Yet each night after MacGregor had stumbled off to bed, he and Larry discussed his future career in the east. It had come to be an accepted fact with them.

Often too they spoke of other things, threatened Indian uprisings, new discoveries to westward, half forgotten legends of the redmen. Cleve found himself, in his turn, unrolling before his enthralled listener the vibrant romance of the land he had known since childhood. Tales of supreme heroism he related, and of base cowardice, mingled with the hiss of swift sleigh runners over the ice, the wailing shriek of the winds, the howl of the white wolves glid-

ing shadowlike over whiter snow, the whining complaint of weary sled dogs, the hum of the fly hordes of summer, the silver voice of rivers running free, the sighing of a million pines in the twilight breeze.

As their mutual liking slowly deepened into a fast friendship, Dick ventured to question McTavish concerning his presence in the north, the object behind his peculiar conduct toward the red trappers.

"You will know soon enough Dicky," he replied one night after Cleve had been unusually inquisitive.

"But wait, I might just as well tell you now. You will have to know sometime." So while the wind moaned with the voices of a thousand fiends and the sleet beat in fury against the window-panes, he began to speak.

"You know, Dicky, although dad left the North almost ten years prior to his death, he used to be pretty well known around here in the early days. For almost twenty years he just about dictated the Hudson's Bay trade policies all the way from Superior to the Pacific. Every one knew and liked Donnie McTavish, for he was a bluff good-natured sort though perfectly capable of seeing that he was not imposed upon. Of course in his position he had to listen to all sorts of complaints and his unerring judgment in picking out those who really deserved help gained him a bit of a reputation. Many times during his career dying lips whispered secrets, shaking fingers placed documents in his hands that would have left the outside world gasping with amazement incredulity had the contents become known. He had quite a collection when he resigned from the company, given him by broken men toward whom only the bitter cruelty of the arctic witch, had been manifested. He kept them all tucked away in our old library in Montreal, never attempting to make use of the information they contained or letting anyone outside the family know of their existence.

I was only fourteen when we

moved to Boston. The house in Montreal was shut up, and it was not until last year that I remembered the papers stored away in the library. Everyone of my relatives ridiculed the idea that there was an atom of truth in the fantastic tales, and ridiculed me still more when I announced my intention of going to Montreal to look them up. However I did not let them discourage me for I have always thought that the most unbelievable things could become stark reality in the north land. In the end the library yielded the story of an adventure that far exceeded the wildest ideas I had ever entertained.

It seems that the chap, whoever he was, that experienced it, had wandered away from a whaling schooner frozen in somewhere along the Arctic coast. He had lost all sense of direction and took a low range of hills far inland for the ice ridge piled up along the shore. Night had almost fallen when he reached his objective and found that he had been mistaken. It was too late to retrace his steps by that time; he was so nearly exhausted that one direction seemed as good as another anyway so he stumbled on until he discovered a pass in the hills. On the other side he came upon the head waters of a great river flowing southward. That night he slept in a cave. The next morning he began to follow the steep rocky bank of the river. About three miles further on he climbed a high ridge and found himself looking down into a tiny valley. At one end stood a group of stone cabins arranged in a rough circle with a fire burning in the central space. In front of the largest building a group of fur-clad figures were kneeling before a kind of altar. He could not remember how he managed to scramble down that mountain slope. But he did it somehow. At the bottom he began to run screaming crazily to attract attention. As he came nearer he saw a small iron-bound box resting on top of the altar. He saw something

else too, something that staggered his already wavering senses. For the people, though clad in the fur garb of the Esquimaux, were white. Coupled with his exhaustion, it made him think he was seeing things, and when they gathered around him and began to jabber excitedly, he knew that he must be. For being fairly well educated, he realized that they were speaking a dialect of the English used in the days of Elizabeth. He must have fainted about that time because he could not remember anything else that happened.

Two days later he regained consciousness in one of the stone huts. The strange people were extremely kind to him. In less than a week he was on his feet again.

In his wandering around the village he noticed many of the inhabitants wearing long strings of rough, dull looking pebbles. As every question he asked concerning them met with stony silence, his curiosity naturally became intense. One day quite by accident he saw the man who called himself chief, spill some glittering things upon the ground. Closer inspection revealed them to be the same dull pebbles, but two sides had been roughly cut and polished. After they learned of his discovery his hosts became quite truculent. So one night he stole a sled, all the food he could lay his hands on and started southward. He was dying when he reached the post at Duquesne. Dad happened to be there. Knowing the reputation of old Donnie McTavish, he told him everything and dad wrote it carefully down.

The chap said he believed those stones were diamonds, Dicky. He said too that the box he had seen upon the altar contained a roll of parchment that probably explained the origin of the tribe. Think what it would mean if someone could only get a glimpse of it!

Well that is his story as he told it that night back there at Duquesne. Perhaps he was lying. Most likely there is some truth in

it. Dying men do not imagine things like that. At any rate I am going to try to find out if it is true. If those people exist, there must be a savage somewhere in the north who has seen some of them or heard of their existence. At present I have a theory that is too impossibly fantastic to tell even you. The whole thing sounds so far fetched that I do not expect you to believe it anyway."

"It does seem a bit impossible," Cleve admitted. "However no one knows what secrets the barren lands may hold. So far as the diamonds are concerned I think it is perfectly logical. I have often wondered why they were not found up here. They are such true gems of the northland, embodying the cold white sparkle of the ice and snow. The village inhabited by whites is the weak part of the story. So many of those tales have been brought out by explorers. None of them ever amounted to anything. Nearly always they turned out to have originated with some renegade who had thrown in his lot with the natives.

Some of the most northerly tribes are due at the post soon. If these storms ever let up, we may learn something from them."

Finally the blizzards wore themselves out and a hard bright sun sparkled over miles of deep-packed snow. With the calm came also Minak Porya the Esquimaux and his band. McTavish watched as the little men stood by the long counter and unrolled their bundles of rare exquisite soft furs.

Suddenly he started forward. The chieftain had just opened his pack. Between the folds of a dark seal-skin a tiny white stone lay glittering wickedly.

Before Cleve grasped the portent of the occurrence, Larry had scooped the stone up in one hand while with the other he propelled the protesting savage toward the privacy of the stock-room. Angered at the peremptory manner in which he had been snatched away from his trade-talk, Minak at first attempted to

profess complete ignorance concerning both the stone and its origin. But his determination quickly collapsed beneath Larry's storm of questions backed up by a reel of shiny copper wire which the assistant factor swung slowly to and fro before his covetous eyes.

"Yes, yes," he answered. He would tell all he knew, it was not much. Merely that a strange white man came each noon to his (Minak's) village to trade for the things the Esquimaux brought in from L'Amable. Sometimes the visitor was accompanied by a lovely golden haired maiden. "No," he was not lying, Minak protested as he saw the scepticism in Larry's eyes. He could prove his words.

The previous winter an oomiak cruising in search of new sealing grounds had picked up a man adrift on the wreckage of a whaling schooner. The derelict had been in Minak's village when the strangers came, had seen the maiden, and impressed by her beauty had sketched her face. From the recesses of his voluminous parka Minak produced a folded slip of paper and spread it before Larry. It had indeed been a master-hand that sketched that lovely profile. McTavish momentarily wondered what tragic history lay behind the presence of such an artist on a dirty whaler in the Arctic seas. But the matter at hand was more pressing.

He turned again to the Esquimaux. Minak had, however, apparently exhausted all his information. He did not know where the strangers had come from, or who they were except that the man was not stupid like most white men. He was a true son of the Arctic, versed in the wisdom of the northland to a degree that even Minak himself had not attained.

"The stone?" "Yes, the stranger carried a pouch full of them. Some larger and not so bright as that one. He had given a handful to little Ookana, Minak's daughter, on his last visit. She had fastened them together with copper wire and

bound them around her dark hair. The white man had liked Ookana, so had the golden-haired maid who accompanied him. Perhaps they had told her something of themselves. If the so-curious trader would come back with Minak to his camp, he could question Ookana, might even by chance see the white strangers about whom he desired so urgently to learn."

Larry waited to hear no more. With a bound he flung open the stockroom door and rushed into the trading hall where Cleve stood, vainly trying to calm the fuming MacGregor.

"It has come at last, Dicky, old son," he said joyously. Look at this. He handed Cleve the sketch and explained rapidly.

"Get ready quickly, we are going back with Minak Porya to his village." Then, seeing the thunderclouds gathering on MacGregor's brow he strode quickly out of the room, calling over his shoulders as he went, "I will not keep you long. We shall probably be back in less than a week."

So it happened, that scarcely an hour later, four dog-teams left the post headed northward toward the spot where the igloos of Minak Porya's tribe huddled close beside an ice-bound arm of the Arctic.

Late the next day they struggled up the slope of an ancient glacial morrain. Far below they saw a frozen bay stretching away to a glistening barrier, which they knew must be the mighty ice wall flung up by the Arctic waves. From the opposite side of the bay, the smoke of an Esquimaux village ascended lazily through the crisp air.

Larry exultantly believed that the end of the quest was almost within their grasp. But when they questioned Ookana, the little Esquimaux maiden seemed utterly bewildered. Nor could she produce the bandeau of shining stones Minak had described. The chieftain tried to explain by saying that Ookana had in a fit of rage thrown them into the sea.

When however, a week, two, three weeks passed without sign of the will-o-the-wisp strangers, Cleve became openly sceptical. Even a glance at the lovely face of the sketch failed to re-establish his confidence. The Esquimaux was lying, he told Larry; had been lying all the while. Besides it was time they started back to L'Amable. With the rush of the trading season on, Sandy MacGregor would be desperately in need of their assistance. But McTavish, clinging stubbornly to his vision, would not go.

It was on Thursday of the fourth week that Cleve announced his intention of starting southward alone. He did not like to desert Larry, yet duty to his aging uncle called him back to the post. The sooner he left the better, he thought, as he glanced at the lowering skies and listened to the ominous mutterings that growled across the Arctic seas.

Late in the afternoon the wind began to blow. Throughout the night it moaned in ever-increasing fury. When Cleve went out in the morning to harness his dogs, the sleety snow was whirling in great gusts across the bay. He could scarcely see for a hundred yards in any direction.

Larry having accompanied him to the summit of the ridge, stood watching as he slipped swiftly away. Only once Cleve glanced back at the figure amid the whirling snows. An arm raised in farewell and he answered it. He knew he was doing right, yet there was a queer catch in his throat as, turning his face southward he fled before the storm.

At the post winter passed, the north awoke to its brief period of summer. Yet Larry did not appear, or send word of his safety. Then uncertainty deepened into fear, and Cleve set out again for the distant Arctic village.

Minak Porya was astounded. The white man? Why Minak did not know anything about him. He had left the village with the golden-

haired strangers almost two moons ago.

It was a little too much for Dick to believe. The next day he was on his way to the nearest mounted police headquarters. Yet though the red-coated riders questioned Minak rigidly and scoured the barrens for a thousand miles, nothing was found to suggest either Larry's existence or his death. After a time a new name was added to the northland's list of missing men.

Since then the years had slipped by quickly. Old Sandy MacGregor had gone out with last winter's snow. A new factor reigned at L'Amable. Cleve himself had drifted from camp to camp, from post to post, had been in turn prospector, miner, trapper, gambler; had even worn for a time the red coat of the mounted. Everywhere, in remote Indian village and far-flung trading post, he had sought news of Larry McTavish . . . in vain. Now he was leaving for the south, alone.

Five years ago he and Larry had planned to go together.

While Cleve stood musing, the night breeze had begun to blow softly. The camp-fire beneath, at the foot of the crag had died away into a single glowing ember that winked up at him out of the darkness. It seemed strangely like that glistening thing that had sparkled out of the dark sealskin folds back there at L'Amable. He turned his eyes quickly away.

Suddenly from the swampy flats up river the thundering bellow of a bull moose, disturbed at his feeding, rose above the surging roar of the flood. "Probably wolves disturbing him!" Cleve decided. Then he abruptly banished that thought and stared intently. A long dark object came floating down the silver-moon path on the water. A canoe, he saw as it slid nearer. But a canoe such as no red man had ever built. A square heavy thing it was, rather resembling the fire-hollowed dug-outs of the south seas than the graceful northern craft. Swiftly it

approached, at times whirling round and round in the treacherous eddies. With a sigh of regret Cleve realized that it would go over the falls. Then he held his breath with amazement. For directly opposite the tiny beach some vagary of the snarling currents turned it shoreward. A few moments it hung motionless, undecided, then began bumping gently along the shelving beach.

Cleve did not want to see more. Taking the steps in three bounds he raced down the flag-stoned pathway. Scarcely five minutes later he stood upon the sand, bending over the craft that had come drifting so mysteriously to him out of the night.

First he noticed that the interior was completely lined with soft deer skin, next that a little figure lay crumpled in the bow. A girl, with long golden hair, whose face bathed by the moonlight seemed to touch some hidden chord of memory. Then he saw something else that brought a startled cry to his lips. In one clenched hand she grasped a crimsoned arrow-shaft; her leather tunic was saturated with blood.

Gently with infinite care he lifted her out, the movement bringing a low moan from her lips.

"Thank heaven she is not dead at least," he thought. Then choosing each step carefully, he went up the path and laid her by the smouldering camp fire. Gathering an armful of wood from a supply he had cut earlier in the evening, he soon had a blaze that lighted the darkest corners of the little plateau. As he straightened up from his attentions to the fire, he looked directly into a pair of bright eyes that were regarding him intently. Again the odd feeling of familiarity stole over him.

"Who—are—you?" she asked in perfectly good English, but with a peculiar intonation that he could not place.

"Me? My name is Cleve, Dick Cleve," he replied.

"Cleve!" Winching with the effort she sat up. "Cleve! Dick Cleve! Then you—you know Larry, Larry McTavish." Larry! Oblivious to what she must be suffering, Cleve almost shook her in his anxiety and dawning hope. "Larry McTavish? You know something of him? Tell me, quickly."

Carefully putting her hand inside her tunic she drew forth a leather bag and handed it to Cleve. "It is Larry's," she said. He could not come, so—I—came—instead. It was early morning when I slipped down to the river. But they were watching. They watch always. And—you see." She touched the crimson patch on her shoulder. Then, as Cleve bent forward in quick sympathy.

"No, it is nothing, merely a scratch." Read that first.

Dick looked down at the object she had handed him; a leather pouch stamped with the trade-mark of the Hudson's Bay. Suddenly he understood the haunting familiarity of her appearance. From an inside pocket he drew out the sketch Minak Porya had brought to L'Amable so many years before. He had preserved it carefully, for in some inexplicable way it had seemed a link between himself and Larry. The countenance that smiled up at him from the paper was identical with the one gazing at him across the fire.

The full import of the discovery made his senses reel. With feverish haste he unfastened the strings that closed the mouth of the bag. From the interior he took out a little pouch, a tattered roll of manuscript and lastly some folded sheets of paper addressed to Dick Cleve in Larry's sprawling hand. Trembling with anticipation he opened them. "Dicky, old son," he read. "I wonder where you are now. The chances are one in ten million that you will ever see this letter even if Marya happens to get away. It is true, Dicky the story I told you there at L'Amable, every bit of it. The parchment will explain. And the

pouch if you ever see it, those are diamonds in it Dicky, every one. The place here is flooded with them. The people dig them out of a glacial morrain back of the village to use for ornaments. They have invented a rough method of cutting and polishing them.

The village, by the way, is on the bank of a river that flows southward. From its size here, it must be several hundred miles long. Marya is going to try to get away in her canoe in the morning. Besides my letter, she is taking a few diamonds, and the parchment I have stolen from the altar-box. Queer, that I should feel so little interest in them now. If Marya gets through, see that she is taken care of, Dicky. She has been a good pal these five years. You know it seems hideously unreal to be living here, so comparatively near civilization, and yet as hopelessly removed as if I were living in another age. And these people really are of another age Dicky. They belong away back in the mediaeval times. Elizabeth's old sea captains will hail them as brothers when they pass from this earth.

I suppose my disappearance caused you a great deal of anxiety. But I could not help it. The chap who came to Minak's village is the chief of this people. I little realized when I went with him that it was to be forever.

But they are stubbornly determined that no one shall reveal their secret to the world, and will not let me go. I fear that they will show

little mercy when they discover Marya is gone and that I have stolen their parchment. It is their only link with the past. They worship it.

Forgive me, Dicky; if should you ever receive this letter it may seem somewhat disjointed. But my thoughts are chaotic, and, Marya is waiting.

Goodbye, Dicky, old son——for always."

Slowly Cleve stood up crushing the little skin pouch beneath his heel. Bitterly he crumpled the papers and flung them into the darkness. Stooping he was about to hurl the parchment after them, when he stopped. The heat had caused it to partly unroll and a single sentence at the bottom caught his eyes. With difficulty he deciphered the queer characters that were yet oddly familiar.

"Now after having safely reached land, we have builded ourselves a home upon the banks of a great river, and being in fairly comfortable circumstances here we shall remain until the ships of Elizabeth again seek the China passage. Written in this year of our lord——

Henry Hudson.

Yet Cleve felt no thrill at the discovery that would once have meant so much to him, nor did he notice the scintillating gems that spilled from the split seams of the pouch.

He was gazing with dazed incredulous eyes into the past, at a lithe fur-clad figure standing upon a ridge who smiled, waved farewell and was gone.

FASHIONABLE TARDINESS

By Agnes Weir, V.

(This essay is the winner of the medal in the "Collegiate" Essay Competition.)

In spite of the frigid atmosphere of last Sunday, I decided to go to church, especially as it might be one of the few remaining Sabbaths on which John Knox would face the world without John Wesley cling-

ing to his robes. Only a small portion of the congregation was present at the singing of Old Hundredth, but after the "Amen" the G—— family arrived. Mrs. G—— was wearing a handsome new brown

coat, richly adorned with fur, and a large green velvet hat with a feather ornament. The announcement of the first hymn forced my admiring gaze to veil itself and attend to matters of greater moment, but another glimpse of the latest Parisian decree was granted to me at the close of the prayer. Mrs. S—— followed by three daughters, two sons, and a husband made a glorious entrance. The effect was almost spectacular, but would have been entirely lost had they arrived at five minutes before eleven instead of fifteen minutes after the hour.

Monday's bridge party was well-nigh ruined by a few frivolous people who tarried to complete an elaborate arrangement of the coiffure, which was invisible under a modish hat with a directoire crown. The dance on Tuesday night did not commence until half past nine, because each of the ladies dreaded that she and her escort should be the first to greet their hostess and thus be open to biting criticism for undue haste. Marjorie invited us to tea on Wednesday at half past four. I knew it would be considered a mark of ill-breeding to make an appearance as early as a quarter of five, so five o'clock saw me alighting at her door. In spite of her slight glance of surprise, I made my way serenely upstairs to discover to my

horror that mine was the first coat to rest upon the guest-room bed. I had been guilty of a faux-pas!

So it was with the theatre on Thursday night, the Greene's dinner on Friday night, and the Club the dansant on Saturday afternoon. Not one of these functions began within an hour of the time named, because never more than one guest was so ignorant as to inconvenience her hostess by punctuality. This unfortunate individual was invariably one who was known to be lax in matters of convention or to possess a plain gold watch which ran away with the minutes in an unseemly manner.

Yet each and every one of us in our youth has been taught the incomprehensible value of punctuality, and more than likely in our age we have endeavoured, are endeavouring, or will endeavour, to instil into the young mind that after godliness and cleanliness comes punctuality. Maggie Tulliver's Aunt Glegg was the only representative of her own or the opposite sex, who to my knowledge was never even fashionably tardy. Oh, Aunt Glegg, would that you could return to this earth and reform not only the descendants of Mrs. Pullet and Mrs. Deane, but also of Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Green and the rest of their sex in this twentieth century.

PEACE

By Harold VanHorne, V.

"Peace on earth, good-will toward man"—this is the ideal for which mankind has been striving to realize ever since time began. Millions of lives lost on the battlefields, thousands of hearts torn by loss of dear ones, unaccountable destruction and untold suffering,—these are a few of the sacrifices which have been offered up as a means by which this ideal might change to a reality. And what is the result; have we ar-

rived at any satisfactory conclusion? No, we are still seeking this ever-elusive peace.

Let us begin right at the beginning and frankly ask ourselves, if peace is desirable, in what sense it really is desired. The mind instinctively associates the word with a perfect state; amid the cares and turmoils of this world men long for the peace of heaven; we believe that of our dead that they are living and

our prayer for them is that they may rest in peace. Yet we have no experience of a life that is not a balance of forces, that is not based on contention and antagonism and we know of few joys comparable to that of the struggle against odds, in which, while we struggle, we still hope for victory. Are there then to be no further victories for us? Must we remain forever content with the limited achievement of our brief life here? It seems improbable; and except to those whom the world has wearied and overborne, it must surely seem quite unattractive, too. Indeed to ask for peace in this sense is perhaps not very different from asking for extinction. For if we remove from life all thought of the antagonist to be faced and vanquished, it has no further call for effort, and there remains for our consolation, nothing but a philosophical abstraction.

Such too often is the heavenly peace to which we are asked to look forward; and is not our conception of peace on earth taken frequently on the same mould? Is it not mainly a negative peace; absence of rivalries; effacement of differences, fusion of particularities and individualities in a vague, general good? Peace more or less after that pattern has been attained over large portions of the earth's surface at various periods of history. They are not the periods to which we look for inspiration. Formative periods in the history of our race, have, alas! been associated with violence and bloodshed; only too often in the past have the leaders of civilization taken one another by the throat, just as the nations of Europe are still inclined to do.

The world wants peace. But it wants a settled peace, a peace that will insure the world against being once more plunged into war at the will of a group of autocratic and ambitious statesmen, eager for world power.

There is no need to tell us the horrors of war. We know them. We knew something of them before

the Great War began. The past ten years have brought home to all of us still more what war really means. There is not a parish in England without grieving mothers and mourning wives, left alone through the deaths of their sons or husbands on the field. The personal loss, the class upheaval and the national waste that this war has brought us need no telling.

But just because we are appalled by the tremendous losses and sufferings of war and of the waste of life of our picked young manhood, we are the more resolved to go on until we have ended the menace to the world that made war such as this possible. Millions of our countrymen voluntarily took up arms. They went to war to end war. They went to war for justice and public right, which they were resolved to maintain.

A half-way victory, and inconclusive peace, a settlement which settles nothing, a patched-up truce under which the nations have breathing time to re-equip themselves for fresh conflict on a still more terrible scale—these are the crowning disaster of the majority of wars. The barrier of suspicion and mistrust between nations remains greater than ever. Strife does not end; it goes on.

War is a terrible thing, yet even terrible things may have their better side. How can we so alter our organization of society as to make the events of the past few years yield their greatest good? The foundation for betterment has been laid I believe when I say that the people must be qualified and equipped by better education to take their share in the work of the government.

The war has helped to teach us one thing in particular, the safety of the world depends largely upon the people as a whole, doing their part in the work of the government! In former generations government was the work of a small class especially trained for it. The masses of people were unqualified because they

were insufficiently educated. In recent years the conditions have somewhat changed, but the change must go much further. Does anyone think that had the decision for war rested with the German people the masses of Germany would in those early days have voted for it? I am aware that when passion was kindled, the German nation became for a time enthusiastic for war. But had the original decision for war or peace rested with the masses of the people, there would have been no war. The war was planned and deliberately brought about by a comparatively small body of German statesmen.

People of all classes must share more and more in the public work of their communities and of the nation. This means two things—education to qualify them for such work and systematic efforts to make them realize the importance of doing their duty by taking their part in public affairs.

During the years preceding the Great War statesmen, jurists and economists had been teaching us to believe that peace had been for a hundred years organized as it had never been organized in the world's history. The principle of arbitration was becoming more widely accepted. It was inconceivable that in this era of civilization reasonable, responsible statesmen could find no other way of settling their disputes or satisfy their ambitions except by the barbarous folly of setting their people to kill one another and then finding they have settled nothing. True, armaments and weapons of war were being devised on a scale and then with an ingenuity that made the warfare of even thirty years ago look childish, but this very scale and the new methods of warfare would only convince statesmen that a war between great nations must be reduced to a suicidal deadlock.

The real danger of the situation as we now look back, lies in the temptation to become cynical and therefore, superficial in our judg-

ment; to decide that after all arbitration can never do more than settle petty legal points about which no one would dream of going to war; that our league of nations is an immense pretension, but it does not touch realities; that Christianity has nothing to do in practice with international relations, and Christian communions would be wise not to make pronouncements upon complicated problems with which they have no business; in other words that armed alliances are the only secure policy and we must resign ourselves to our destiny of being by nature "warring animals." Such a line of thought is not superficial and not untrue only if we are prepared to design the whole of human life and society upon a strictly materialistic basis.

The only way in which the inefficiency of judicial machinery can be ultimately made good is by using the means we have of anticipating the causes of war, the misunderstandings, the suspicions, the perverted ambitions, the selfishness, the unscrupulousness which both in national and international society lead to strife and the devastating catastrophe of war.

This manifestly is the work which bodies and individuals professing the religion of Christ, are called upon to do. The outbreak of war in 1914, not a sudden impulse, but the culmination of a process, did declare how conspicuously Christian bodies had failed to do their work.

But we naturally go on to ask: In what precisely has their failure consisted? How can they best safeguard against failure in the future? The answers which might be given are numerous, but one practical answer I am prepared to make: they had never organized themselves for this particular task, there was no concerted endeavor to make the influence of Christian motive, of goodwill, of working for God's purpose of the unity of mankind in Christ truly effective.

But can Christian bodies organize themselves for this task?

The war has taught us that modern warfare is not an affair between rulers and dynasties, relying upon a standing army, but is a struggle between peoples, in which every man and woman becomes a belligerent; but, further, in the modern, self-governing communities, the people themselves are responsible for their destiny. We declare that the "people's will" is decisive. All citizens are responsible and have to feel and exercise their responsibility for making and maintaining peace.

Where could we find a better example of the difference between an idea that is still floating and one that has been fixed and realized, than in the various associations of the word "peace"? The thought of peace flows through our minds like water, clear and lucid—our ultimate blessing, the fulfillment of all desire. But peace in practice, the peace we are building up for the future, but for which we search the past in vain—how difficult are its approaches, how contradictory. Few civilized people have thought war good; all Christian people have acknowledged peace on earth as their ideal; but they have generally pursued peace with the sword and when they have attained it, it has never meant more than a temporary predominance of one indisputable power or a temporary balance between competitors. All tends to show that in the realm of conduct there is something in ourselves or in our surroundings that is rebellious to peace; why else should it be so pleasant to think of and so difficult to obtain? Those of us who have been loudest in praise of peace and severest in denouncing militarism have openly advocated the employment of force when our own interests were concerned.

But peace cannot be arranged in accordance with what we wish or desire; it depends on the whole

tenor of our actions. Have we found, then what the principles of our conduct must be, if peace is to be secured? Or are we daily and hourly making demands upon the world which are exclusive, and which must at last bring us into collision with other men?

Universal peace, in other words, cannot mean less than a world-wide organization based on a code which the nations will have to create by usage and consent. And that consent will be won only as it comes to be realized that national individuality is enhanced by mutual respect and that the common life of the race is enriched by national differences. If peace is to be truly desired it must come before us in the richest colours, bringing with it the whole of earth's good things; it must be the crown and completion of our activities, a positive and additional creation.

To solve the many problems that will confront us we must stand a united nation. We cannot afford to have any sections of our people ignorant when ignorance spells weakness. We cannot afford to have any section under-developed, for all our strength will be needed to cope with the various problems that will arise. It is essential that the old artificial barrier of class, and the principle that "might is right" should disappear. Fresh impulses are sweeping over the world. Fresh causes of unrest are arising; there will be fresh perils to face. Knowledge, unity, justice and the co-operation of all classes will see us safely through.

In Leicester Square in London is a statue of the immortal Shakespeare and on it is inscribed "There is no darkness but ignorance." It is true. In ignorance lies our real danger, in knowledge is found the only sure road to permanent peace.

LOVA

By J. M. Warwick.

Lova was cold—bitterly, unbearably cold; numb from his little blue ears to the tips of his sockless, frost-bitten toes in their stiff, unyielding sapogi boots made by Ilya, the village cobbler, from the hide of the last milch cow of Lova's father, killed to furnish food for the hunger-torn stomachs of the Bibikoff family.

Lova was cold—but not too cold to remember that he must keep plodding on, with the help of the saints if need be, though his usual resort was the Bogoroditchin herself—God's Holy Mother. Thoughts of Marya a babe in arms, in the far off land of light, helped his stumps of feet carry his frail young body into the teeth of the cruel Syayver, the north wind. Not the dry, tingling, clear wind of the Kievan steppes, mind you, but the damp, piercing cold of the wind that sweeps the Ladogan lake before it reaches this unhappy government of Tver.

Although Lova had not the faintest idea of how far he had to travel, he knew his destination, have no fear of that. Where should he go but to the wondrous home of the kind-eyed baronyi whose picture hung in the schoolroom over the desk of the popa who taught Latin and Rhetoric on week days and on Sunday sang the Sacred Liturgy in the church of St. Basil the Great over the hill? Had not the popa called him Tsarya Slavnomi, the glorious Tsar—Slabich Smiriteyo, guardian of the weak? To whom else, then, should he go?

Wonder not, reader, that this weak boy could plunge confidently into the night and storm, for such a burden as he had assumed was not lightly to be thrown down. He sought the liberty of the miserable rebels of Tver. Why had his wise father, and kind mother, and



their neighbours, ever thought for an instant that the brown-eyed man of the picture could be the cause of their troubles? Why had they reviled his name? Why had they called curses down upon his head in front of the ikon of St. Nicholas over the cupboard at home?

Why had they called to witness their hate, the black and fearful names of ancient gods, long since dead, yet still propitiated by the peasants? The popa could not lie—the dear old popa to whom he made his confession every Pasch—their Tsar surely must be kind. He would show them. He himself would go to seek this "Comforter of All," this father of Russ Pravoslavonoi, Orthodox Russia. So here he was.

But even Boghu—the good God himself—had not been able to carry

his burden without anguish; indeed, had left it on the cross, and Lova saw, looming through the darkness, the rude shelter over the Troitska—the wayside Calvary. At the cross he too, would rest for a moment before passing on. So here we will leave him, at the feet of the Crucified; praying there with the two Maryas and the Holy Yohan, with his small head drowsing, drowsing, drooping, drooping onto his shoulders, while we go on to meet the droshky whose bells we hear on the road ahead, and discover whence it comes.

II

Even aided by the glow of the open fire, the light from the twelve wax tapers in the iron sconces over the mantle is scarcely sufficient to reveal the sole occupant of the room as he sits, in a far corner, with his boot-clad legs thrust out in front of him.

This is no position of ease, nor even one of fatigue, for though he has passed a day such as would try any man, Prince Aleksei Iaroslaf is still wide awake, uncomfortably so. Sleep would be very pleasant, but how could he, the representative of Nicholas II. in the Government of Tver, rest, after the day just ended.

Even the business of the coal strike had been a difficult problem to solve, and then, to cap all, had come the beastly matter of these Socialists. Why could they not keep their own counsel, and not annoy him and destroy the smooth routine of his office.

True, they had not a great deal of surplus food—but what could one expect? The great God had made them mujhiks, and thus had shown plainly enough his intention that they should not be overfed. True, also, that coal had not been forthcoming on the day promised; but at same time that Boghu had made them peasants, he had made them Krestianskaya, Russian serfs, and had given them fathers and homes in the Government of Tver—sufficient assurance to any man of ordin-

ary sanity that His omniscient plan had not been to have these miserable dogs sweat their lives away in their huts. Work—plenty of it, which was intended for such as they—would keep them warm enough.

And then, how could he be held responsible for a more prompt settlement of the coal strike? Not a day—no, not a minute longer, could he have put off the wolf-hunt that he had promised Count Protapoff. Protapoff had influence at court, more influence than the ordinary bureaucrat ever guessed. But he, Iaroslaf, was no fool. All these men to him were but as stepping stones to power, to things that were better imagined than spoken of, for truly it is said that walls have ears.

Was he not of the blood of Iaroslaf, Prince of Novgorod the Great, son of Oleg, whose father Rurik the Northman, the Slavs had invited from the frozen wastes to rule them? He was of more ancient blood than the Romanoffs, who sat on the great jewelled throne in the Kremlin at Moscow. There, indeed, he himself should be sitting; and if red revolution should stalk the land, might he not ride to power on its flood? But enough of dreaming—just now he must care for smaller fish.

Facts were facts, and a son of Roman was Tsar. While he ruled, it were wise to be his friend. He would show these opprobrious dogs of Tver why they should not spit at the mention of the name of the Emperor of all the Russians. His Tatar Cossacks would tie more of them down, and under their lashes, the snow would on the morrow drink deeply of their low-born blood. The peasant Bibikoff, leader of the local union, and plainly the inciter of the revolt, would receive another flogging, and, if he survived that, Siberia would claim him. These dull-brained, stolid labourers would soon forget their torturer. Why, but one or two even knew his name, and one day they would welcome him as their deliverer.

But, for then once, reinforcements

were needed. The temper of the privilégiens, the merchants, and even that of some of the younger clergy, was uncertain in times like this. Petersburg was a scant twenty versts away, and Nicholas he knew was in residence at the winter palace. Happy thought! He would go himself, secure aid, lay himself at the Emperor's feet, and pledge his eternal fealty.

"Quick! Boris!—Why doesn't the pig hurry?—Boris! Ah! There you are, duskenka. Have the bays harnessed to the droshky. Quick now! Don't lose a minute, there's a good lad!" One even had to show courtesy to one's body-servant these days. One never knew whence the dagger in the back might come.

Wrapping himself in his shuba of camel skin, he strode into the night, as he did so, stuffing into a capacious pocket some few private papers that it were not well to leave for prying eyes. One never knew who had a key to fit one's desk.

Climbing into the sleigh and bundling the robes around him, he gave a hasty order to the driver, whose sharp command set the vehicle in motion, away in the direction of Petersburg.

We have already heard his bells approaching the highway shrine and now he comes in view.

III

As the sleigh approached the cross it stopped and Iaroslaf stepped out. Strange though it may seem, it is not a rare amalgam of superstitious piety and malice that will cause a malefactor to call down divine probation on his misdeeds, and Aleksei was praying for success in the morrow's orgy of brutality.

As he was about to leave, his foot struck that small bundle of life, our friend Lova Bibikoff.

"What, in St. Olga's name, are you doing at such a place and hour, little brat?"

"Please, gospod' mue," my lord, "I am praying Yessu for the good Tsar, who really must be good. The popa says he is, and a priest would never

say what isn't so. Can you tell me where to find him, gospod' mue?"



"Can any good come out of Nazareth? A loyalist in Tver? I shall indeed take you to the Tsar. What a joke! You! Presented at court as the one loyal citizen of the whole government of Tver. His Majesty will think I am turned jester."

"Climb on the seat beside me, boy. What? No gloves? You cannot appear at court with frozen paws. Put them in my pocket. It's large enough. St. Nicholas knows, and hasn't been lined with gold for ages."

Lova's fingers, doubling into two tiny fists, as sleep crept over him, clutched the papers Aleksei had put there and had now forgotten.

"Bring in the boy. I'm sponsoring his advent as a courtier."

Lova awoke in the arms of a porter as he was being carried into the great hall of Peterhof, the winter residence of the Tsars.

"You must wait for your master, galubcha, he has but gone to warm himself with log-fire and wine."

"But, Oh, gospodi, I must see our Tsar. St. Nicholas and St. Gregory wil be kind to you, I know, if you

but let me see him for an instant, please."

"Bring the child in," and a pair of twinkling brown eyes set in a care-limned face over a greying beard, appeared in the opening of a great oak door.

And all this is how it happened that our small hero bore in his hands a gift as he was ushered into the presence of the unapproachable. A gift is perhaps not a necessary, but at least is a time honored and fitting introduction to a potentate. And such a gift this was!

Lova's coming to court was humorous after all. But Aleksei did not even smile, far from it, for had he not brought the miserable brat to Petersburg to cause his own undoing?

IV

Lova had his audience with the Imperial Majesty and it was Nicho-

las himself who rode to Tver the next day with Lova mounted on the pummel before him.

Seated on his horse, the "Father of all Russians" called them his children, and begged their forgiveness. How should he, though all powerful, know the state of every town and village in Russia? How could he have known of their plight and of their villainy had it not been for this heaven-guided boy of Tver, Lieff Bibikoff? Out of the fulness of his gracious heart he granted full pardon to all, hoping only for their good will in return.

Bibikoff, president of the commune, was the first to kiss his stirrup.

Soft words, you will say. Well, perhaps, but that is how it chanced that when the Duma demanded the abdication of the Tsar, the men of Tver fell fighting for their Emperor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THE S. C. I. ASSEMBLY HALL

By Annie Leslie, 4A.

If you have never made an announcement in the Auditorium of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School after the morning exercises, you have yet to endure the most exquisite of mental tortures. The night before you work far away into the "wee sma' hours" over a very flowery epistle that is the last word in conciseness. Then, taking a suitably dramatic position you deliver this oration to an audience consisting of a piano, half a dozen chairs and a floor lamp. When this has been repeated till even you can think of no more effective gestures or necessary inflections, you small sister is dragged unwillingly from slumber to listen. She stands at one end of the house, you at the other and then the whole thing is repeated. "Am I going too fast? Can you hear me distinctly? Is my voice too high and does it crack?" These are some of the ques-

tions to which the poor, sleepy little one eagerly gives the desired answer. And when she breathes admiringly over some extraordinarily verbose remark, you laugh airily and remind her that "its nothing, only an announcement, you know."

Well do I remember my first appearance on the platform of the Assembly Hall. All through the morning program I sat clinging desperately to the arm of the seat and breathing noisily. Then the dreaded moment arrived and I walked stiffly up the aisle to the platform. The room whirled dizzily around a blur of faces and nervously I moistened my lips. There was a deadly hollowness at the pit of my stomach and a curious lightness in my head when finally I began. After finishing the first two or three sentences I realized with horror that there had not been a sound. Accordingly I began again and was faintly aware

that every word of my careful preparation was lost. By this time my notes were in tatters and with the air of a martyr I said what was necessary in a few ordinary sentences.

While no one who has ever attempted to announce a basketball practice or a meeting of the magazine staff will deny the painfulness of the proceedings they will undoubtedly agree that—

*"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."*

After you have made your first appearance as a public speaker there is a noticeable deference on the part of the class. They realize to a slight degree the crisis through which you have passed and give credit accordingly. While you, experienced and disillusioned, can pity condescendingly the next unfortunate, who with crimson cheeks and shaking hands ascends the platform.

GOING TO THE DENTIST

By B. Southern, 4A.

Thoughts of the appointment with the dentist are often more trying than the pain itself. Gruesome stories of the "buzzer," and the long sharp, nerve wire, add to the surrender of one's already shattered forces. The tedious wait in the room into which various odours of chemicals are wafted does not prepare one to enjoy the ordeal through which he is to pass. The great question in many minds today is, "Do dentists try to increase their patients' suspense and fear?" It would appear that the numerous treatments are intended to keep fearful visions and sounds constantly in one's mind.

I still shudder over my first test of endurance. I was only about seven years of age when first plagued with a toothache. With every assurance of the brevity of the session, and promises of a week's supply of sweets, I consented to have my molars administered unto. From that hour all my faith in "painless" dentists was broken. He first picked and pulled at the nerves and asked if it hurt. Then he drilled into each recess for nearly fifteen minutes, and boasted that he was nearly through. Not content with this he succeeded in forcing into my mouth cotton saturated with odd smelling, and poisonous tasting liquids. Having completed this, he repeated the process. Imagine my relief when

I tottered into the open air after bidding a hasty farewell to my "benefactor."

Not long ago I entered the waiting room of a dentist's office and had my first self-taught lesson on human nature. Over in a corner near the window, sunk into a big morris chair was a typical old maid, nervously perusing the pages of the "Judge" in hopes of finding some article to distract her attention from the extraction which was soon to take place. Her composure was not bettered by groans issuing from the adjoining chamber. On a davenport was seated a rather stout, elderly lady nursing a dog of some uncertain pedigree. Her sophisticated air was assumed by her pet, which sniffed at its surroundings, and the peculiar odour of chemicals. With hands clasped, sitting rigidly on a straight-backed chair was a girl with a drug-store complexion. Her eyes stared dreamily into space and a heavy sigh was frequently emitted from the depths of her soul. How important I thought it must be that dentists know how to treat cases of nervous prostration.

Only those who have been put to sleep by the dentist can sympathize with the soldiers gassed in the Great War. I have undergone this "painless" operation once too often. With tense muscles I stepped into a chair and allowed myself to be

wrapped in spotless white linen. A small mask was placed over my nose and mouth. I fixed my attention on the clock, it was ten minutes to five. My hands tightened their grip on the chair and I was sure that I could frustrate all attempts to send me into a state of oblivion; but, a suffocating odour filled my lungs. Slowly I was sinking, the light grew dim, and the clock ceased its ticking.

The light returned, I arose from the giddy depths, and Big Ben registered ten minutes after five. My surroundings once more became familiar. On a table were placed three large teeth. With horror I felt inside my mouth, yes, they were my own. Somewhat dizzily I tripped my way homeward. With pride I showed my mother the vacuums and claimed a reward.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

By Helen J. Donald, 4A.

It seems to me that since athletics play such a prominent part in the life of each and every individual, as they do at the present time, my subject can scarcely help but have a direct, personal appeal. Physical Education is the careful and well-balanced culture of your own bodily powers. To attain its object physical education must help the production and maintenance of health in body and mind. Recall how the Greeks of ancient times saw the necessity for efficient physical training. Even their code was that every Greek citizen must have a strong body. In order to insure this, the children who were thought puny were at an early age exposed to death on the mountain side. On the other hand for the normal healthy child, gymnastics, marching and sham-fighting formed part of the compulsory training. The girls passed through a training like the youths though less severe. They too practised running, leaping and throwing the spear and discus. The state encouraged everyone to such exercises as it considered gymnastic education necessary to physical perfection. Ever since, the fame of the splendid physique of the Greek athlete has descended. In the greater national games and especially those held at Olympia their system of physical development reached its highest standard. The competitors must be Greeks of good character

and religious standing and of sufficient athletic training. When they had qualified as candidates they entered contests in running, leaping, discus-throwing, spear-throwing, wrestling and boxing. Such training developed their bodies to a marvellous extent as proved by the facts we have from history that the Greek sculptor found his best models among the athletes. Although these Greeks long before the coming of Christ were aware of the national significance of a skillfully directed system of physical training, it was not until a comparatively recent date that we realized its importance. We, in our flourishing Dominion, with its many advantages of civilization were much slower to grasp our opportunities than were these virile Greeks. Though it must be admitted that in many cases the existing facilities for the proper development of systematic physical culture are still inadequate, yet much progress has been made during the last twenty-five years. Let us compare the system of physical training in existence in our schools at the beginning of the 20th century, with what we have at the present time. Imagine that you are back in public school in the year 1900. You are being taught a lesson in hygiene and physiology, that lesson which comes but once a week. How you detest it! You are told about the care and health of your body

and given a long list of names, the parts of your body. However, you are taught nothing practical. It all appears as a jumble of knowledge to be memorized but not practically applied. As for calisthenics, or drill as it was then called, the teacher's interest and knowledge are alike slight. As a rule she only forces herself to give such a lesson perhaps once a month, in order to gain the inspector's approval of the monthly report. Since the only gymnasium is the aisles between the rows of the desks and the space at the front and rear of the room, you are forced to obey commands in that cramped area. Generally the whole lesson, consisting chiefly of arm-raising and knee-bending exercises, is not of more than fifteen minutes duration. How could such scanty training possibly improve the physical well-being of these children?

To represent the extent of the growth of physical training at the present time, let us consider for example the course offered in any modern Collegiate Institute. As you all know, such a school is fitted up with one or two large gymnasiums, excellently equipped as to apparatus and is provided with a splendid, roomy swimming pool and athletic fields. With the aid of teachers specially trained in physical culture, along with very complete equipment, the pursuit of such organized sports as basketball, rugby, hockey, swimming, baseball and rifle-shooting is made possible. However, above all these sports the ultimate importance of general exercises in producing perfect physical fitness is not overlooked. Could an untrained team, utterly unused to strenuous exercises hope to win against a perfectly trained, properly conditioned team? Before even thinking of entering into competition with any other teams, a long series of conditioning workouts must be undergone. Almost as much stress is laid on physical fitness as on a working knowledge of the rules and tactics of the game. You are aware of the fact that no

one who is not in good physical condition can gain a place on any school team and if that person disregards the rules of food, rest or exercise, he cannot retain that position. Have you not noticed the ripple of the muscles of the basketball players as they strive for possession of the ball? There we see in real life the actual fulfilment of one of the aims of physical training, namely, the promotion of the development of the muscular system and the body as a whole in order to attain the highest possible degree of all-round physical fitness. Thus we see the scope and conception of physical education has broadened and it has gradually assumed a meaning entirely different from that implied by the old term "school drill." Now it is universally recognized that an efficient system of physical education is absolutely necessary as it encourages the concurrent development of healthy physique, keen intelligence and sound character.

In these days of close industrial application in more or less restricted environment, cramped positions, and confined atmosphere, physical training is especially indispensable. Picture the man shut up in his stuffy, uptown office, slumped motionless over his flat-top desk. Follow him as he slouches homeward to tumble into an easy chair with a newspaper for a companion. After gulping down unwholesome food he again seeks his chair to devour the "Daily News" as seen through a cloud of smoke emitted from a stuffy old pipe. So he spends his time until retiring in preparation for another monotonous day. Is it any wonder he has no interest in his work and thinks of it only as an endless routine? Compare with him the man who on leaving his office throws back his shoulders as if shaking off the dingy indoor atmosphere and sets off at a brisk walk. Before going home he visits one of his clubs and indulges in an hour's invigorating, not too strenuous swimming. Then, refreshed, reani-

mated, he proceeds homeward with elastic step. After partaking of a wholesome, carefully prepared meal, he relaxes for a few minutes of complete rest. Following this he keeps his unused muscles active and his whole body generally in good working order by playing basketball or volley ball in one of the evening gymnasium classes. When he returns he is ready to enjoy a sound night's sleep. This man rises feeling qualified for his work.

Right here in our own hall of learning the corpulent business men who join our night school classes are examples of mature men who realize the importance of physical training. Unfortunately in their youth physical culture was not deemed a necessary factor in education, and they are at the disadvantage of having to wait until well on in life before being able to secure any such training. However, seeing their good-natured expressions as they toil at basketball, or roll on the gymnasium floor in little pools of perspiration, one soon realizes that they are not worrying over lost opportunities. When men acquire little rolls of fat at the nape of their necks and find themselves dangerously near the fifty mark, immediately their chief interest in life becomes the reduction of their increasing corpulence and the supplying up of unused muscles.

Now I have not gone intricately into the nutritive, corrective or developmental effect of physical edu-

cation for I fear such an explanation would prove tiresome and uninteresting. However, I have attempted to stimulate you to a new interest in, and a realization of the importance of, this training of the physical side of our nature. Those of you who are pupils let me urge you not to begrudge the time spent in gymnasium classes, for this reason: It is especially during the period of growth, when body, mind and character are immature and plastic, that the beneficial influence of physical training is most marked and enduring. In conclusion allow me to impress upon you the conviction that the development of physique is a matter of national importance, vital to the welfare and even survival of the race. Think of the conditions of modern civilization with its crowded localities, confined spaces and sedentary occupations, all restricting opportunities for natural, physical growth! Can you not see that if some system of physical training is not provided to counteract the ills of such existing conditions, that civilization will gradually degenerate until the race finally loses its virility? The principles of our present remedy are built on a sound basis. Therefore, if the rules of physical training are rightly and faithfully used, wisely adapted and reasonably interpreted, they will undoubtedly yield an abundant harvest of recreation, improved physique and national health.

COMPANY MANNERS

By J. M. Warwick.

Company manners might be defined as that system of unctuous politeness to guests, coupled with pseudo-discreet signals to the family in regard to what is expected of them in the matter and manner of eating, drinking, sitting and talking. This form of hospitality is ra-

pidly disappearing but is still to be observed in certain homes.

I shall never forget a dinner to which I was once invited. The appointments were perfect, the food delicious, but the whole was spoiled, even to my youthful mind, by arched brows when the son of the family requested a second portion

of something particularly delectable. Then came, in stage whispers, "F.H.B.," when our host looked longingly at the salad. This I learned, long after, to be, "Family hold back." "M.I.K." was, "More in kitchen." No amount of, "Dee-lighted to have you over," and "Do-o come again," could correct the first impression of false gentility.

In our village is a woman, who in her intimate family life uses, perhaps, only a hundred words. Yet when "comp'ny" comes, her vocabulary leaps from its somnolent state, stretches its limbs, and fires itself pell-mell at the visitor. Let me give you some details of the bombardment. "Joe pasted the floor all night with tooth-aitch"—"Min. telefoamed me to say she had purtaged some mineoleum for the floor of the preservatory." "Ain't Mrs. Brown

throwing on the dog lately, having a coloured chiffonier drive her around?"—"I just threw on my kimode and ran to the door."—"I'm just a plain person but when the occasion arises I can be just as tony as any Dook's wife."

I know a man who, even in a crowded station, invariably rises when a woman enters the room. Yet, at home his wife chops the kindling, carries the coal, tends the furnace, and lights his pipe. Perhaps you have met the person who calls all her acquaintances, "Dearie," and her friends, "Darling," yet swears at the servants when alone with them. Or the man who kisses the hands of his women friends, yet neglects his wife and family.

Why can't people refrain from trying to be someone else?

UNBELIEVEABLE

By W. Sadler, 4B.

In the seaside village of Ruffsea, any social gathering was not called complete unless old Silas Seaman was present. To look at, he was nothing more than a retired fisherman, who had no use for anything else except his "pipe and tervaccer." His style of clothes never varied, and during all weathers, and at every village festival they consisted of the usual peaked cap, blue sweater, and high seaboots, reaching just above the knees, enclosing the lower parts of a pair of well worn trousers. It was neither his accoutrement nor his weather-beaten smile that attracted attention, but it was his tongue. With it as an implement, he could manufacture tales of bygone experiences, that interested his village audiences far more than those stories which they read in the weekly magazine.

His stories always varied, and no one could guess at the ending of any of them. They either contained humorous anecdotes, that caused

his listeners to rock with laughter, or else they were of such a nature, that the villagers remained eager, and breathless, till the end. There were certain stories that pleased some people more than others, and these generally dealt with adventures in foreign seas. This type was also old Silas' favourite and was in the following style.

"Well folks, we was in the Southern seas, just cruisin' around like, and enjoyin' ourselves to the limit, when all of a sudden, the water became choppy, and the sky began to grow dark-lookin'. Of course, we knew what was comin' and prepared for it, as a gale in them parts is somethin' turrible. At the same time, it became cold and sort of chilly like, so the captain ordered an extra "tot" of rum to be served. This was in the middle of the afternoon, and bein' sort o' thirsty and a friend of the steward, I obtained a little extra in my glass, not too much mind ye, just enough to keep

me warmed up. Towards midnight the gale was at its worst, waves washin' clear over the deck, makin' the ole ship rock like a see-saw. Well this didunt bother us fellers much, 'cause we were use to it, but nevertheless, I had a durned hard job trying to get ter sleep."

"Along about three bells, I woke up with a start. I kinda wondered, just exactly, what had caused me to wake up. Jumpin' outa me bunk, I slipped on my seaboots, and climbed up on deck.

All I could see, was waves about six feet high lashin' against the ship's side, and the deck just about swimmin' in water. Everythin' seemed natural, so I turned to retrace my steps, when there, right behind me, somethin' came down with a flop that shook the whole ship, crew an' all. Bless me folks, I very near jumped clear o' me skin, anyways. I couldn't stand up. I glanced up and looked behind me, and talk about move, well I jes' couldn't move nohow at all. For there, starin' right at me was a pair of eyes as big as er—teacups, come to think of it, they might a been bigger. It had an extraordinary looking body, with tails or I think they calls 'em feelers. anyways whatever it was, they was all around the body, maulin' every piece of loose material that came handy. It was those tails, that near brought about my death. Those eyes seemed to draw mine back again, and as I said before I jes' couldn't move. They seemed to take all my strength away from me, and I couldn't even move my tongue. Afor long, it seemed to recognize me as somethin' moveable, and began to bring them feelers towards me. Then it happened, I moved."

"It was the quickest move I have ever made in my life, I slid, yep, slid, right from the upper deck, clear down to the engine room. Reachin' there, I felt safe, except for the fact that I needed a new pair of trousers after that slide. I gingerly picked meself up and walked towards a small room near by, containing no-

thing but a small cupboard. A slight noise behind me, brought back all my fears, and I finished that walk with a dive. I tried to shut the door, but I was too late, for that durned creature, I think it was a octo—octo—octotopus, or some such thing, had followered me right down them stairs. I was cornered, sure, for I had backed into one, it bein' the furthestest away I could git. There facin' me was death. Them tails was reachin' ever nearer and nearer, curlin' in and out as if waitin' jest to crush me. Them eyes, were drawin' me right into those closin' feelers. I tried to back away, but all I could do, was crouch in terror. I felt my hair rise upon my head, and my blood grow colder and colder as it slowly left my fear-distorted face. In my thoughts I tried to think of some way in which to escape but they were so muddled that all I could think of was, my own foolishness in ever comin' into that room. My thoughts were arrested by a slimy, chilly feeling running right through my fear choked body. Those eyes were close to mine, and those tails had encircled my whole body. My feet were numb, and the muscles of my face refuse to move, so that the yell, I had formed in my mouth, could not be uttered. Oh! if its eyes would move for but a second, I might have a chance I thought."

"Suddenly, that monster opened its mouth, and then I felt myself shot into the air. I struck the ceilin' with a bump, that seemed to waken me up agen. As I revolved, a couple o' times on my way down I caught a glance of a wide open mouth already to catch me. It never happened. I reckon I was about two feet away, from its mouth, when I let out a yell, that seemed to contain all the fear I had in my body. At the same moment, the ship gave a lurch to one side, and that awful monster, unable to retain its hold, slid through the door to the other side of the lower deck. It was my chance. Landing on the floor, I hardly stopped to pick my-

self up, but rushed for that little cupboard. I don't know how I did it, folks, but I squeezed in there somehow, and locked the door from the inside. About half an hour afterwards my laughing comrades dragged me from my hiding place, and quelled my fears, by showin' me the dead creature layin' on the deck."

"Well folks," he continued, "that

was one of the narrerest escapes I ever had, but there was a better one happened to me in New Zealand. We had just landed—"

Thus he, that is Silas Seaman, would continue to keep the people amused throughout the evening, telling such stories of adventures that were supposed to have happened to him in bygone days.

SMOKE NUISANCE

By C. Hanson, 4B.

Do you know that one-sixth of the beautiful God-given, life-giving, health-promoting sunshine, the cheer of every heart and home is shut out of that great city of London far across the sea. Why? IT IS SMOKE, that black smudgy substance we are so familiar with right here in our own town.

Now as early as 1329, smoke was seen to be a nuisance, for it was in that year the first factory chimney was introduced into Europe. The people of Rome were tormented by ONE factory and adopted a means of doing away with it. But it was not till the time of Queen Elizabeth that the smoke of chimneys was noticed and this nuisance grew until the people clamoured against it and especially when Watt put his wood burning engine on the market. They even asked for his life, until in 1785 he was forced to place at their disposal his first smoke-destroyer.

Parliament remained neutral until 1819 when it appointed a committee "to inquire how far persons using steam engines and furnaces could erect them in a manner less prejudicial to public health and comfort." This was a most weak effort, and a ruse, for it was not till twenty-four years later that they took it seriously. They were enraged by the uproar over such a paltry substance as smoke but they hid their contempt for they feared the

commons, and finally in 1843 passed a bill prohibiting smoke to escape into the air.

If you were to scan the horizon of London on either side of the Thames, it would be wholly devoid of chimneys. Imagine the greatest metropolis on this globe and the largest manufacturing city the world has ever seen minus chimneys, that is except those of dwellings, which were excluded from the bill in 1845.

The movement has not struck Canada yet, but it is now in full force in the United States. Canada! Canada! our own land behind time, it is hardly possible, yet it is. We heed reform along the line of smoke prevention. Even here in our city you all know what the result is. Dust! Dust! Dust! Clean! Clean! Clean! until you are tired out and wish there was no smoke. Now that's just what we want, NO SMOKE. It ought to be stopped at all costs.

The lumber mills and foundries which burn wood or coal should be forced to burn their smoke under penalty of fine. The trains and boats are our worst offenders and if one were to go along the railroad on a winter's day he would see written everywhere with a great smudgy pencil the black letters S-M-O-K-E.

Walaceburg got rid of theirs, now why couldn't we do that here?

We can, and I would like to see steps taken for the abolishment of smoke in Sarnia.

And I hope that in the near future we will be able to say we live

in the cleanest city in Canada instead of in one of the dirtiest, due chiefly to the abolishment of that most detestable substance, known as SMOKE.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS IN WHICH I, MYSELF, TOOK PART

By M. McIntyre, 3B.

The pretty cottage surrounded by evergreen trees stood back from the road and over the gate hung the sign, "Linger Longer Lodge." The winding gravel path led to the spacious verandah and the open French doors gave glimpses of a bright and cheerful interior. It was a warm, sunny July morning and the waters of the bay lay sparkling as little ripples raced across the blue surface. The birds were singing merrily and as I idly lay in the hammock, I watched an industrious pair of wrens bringing food to their little ones under the broad eaves of the verandah. A long-haired Scotch Collie lay stretched at my feet and a coal-black kitten curled on a gaily colored chintz cushion. Everything was calm and peaceful.

Suddenly around the bend of the road came a messenger boy. He hurried to our cottage, bearing a telegram which he delivered to my eldest cousin, Beth. Why does one always feel tremulous at the arrival of these little yellow missives? There immediately flashed through my mind the fear that dire misfortune had befallen one of my absent friends. I followed Beth into the cottage and she read the dismaying telegram "Charles will arrive at eleven o'clock, signed M. Lincoln." We three girls stared at each other in dismay. "Whatever shall we do," said Beth, and she looked exceedingly worried. I was altogether ignorant of this person whose forthcoming visit should have such a startling effect, so Beth explained.

"Charlie, an Oxford student, drops unceremoniously on this unsuspect-

ing household. The day he arrives the whole family of grown-ups are away leaving the responsibility on the shoulders of three young girls, to say nothing of mischievous brothers. On the day of his inopportune arrival the groceries are down to minimum, and no groceryman until tomorrow."

"It is nearly ten o'clock and a minister-in-the-making for dinner," Carol dramatically cited, as she vigorously applied the duster to the piano legs, "Charles-Joseph-David-Lincoln-Junior—let's show him a thing or two." Beth said "we'll have to have fricasseed chicken—there is nothing else. This corn-starch pudding won't do now—I'll have to send John to Aunt Rena's to borrow a pie." A few minutes later Beth appeared in the kitchen doorway and said in a horrow-stricken tone, "Girls, there is not enough coal oil." For a seemingly interminable space of time we stared into each other's blank faces, then I had a brilliant inspiration. "Why," I said, "I shall go to Mr. Walker's and borrow some."

I immediately set off through the woods and walking as quickly as possible, soon reached the red brick farmhouse on the hill. Then I started homeward with the coal oil swashing in the huge red container which Mr. Walker had kindly loaned me.

When I reached the cottage I was greeted with further tales of woe. Coral asked, "Where is a respectable luncheon set?" Beth informed us we should be painfully short of potatoes. . We routed the illusive

luncheon set. The obstinate stove was coaxed into submission. The fricasseed chicken was put on and finally simmering; the living room was made presentable. Little John was informed as to the course of his behaviour. He must not chew gum, use slang, or ask for a second helping. John guilelessly put on a splendid jazz record. Carol and I rushed across the room and stopped the offending selection. We gazed up the road terrified lest our visitor had arrived within hearing distance. We agreed that jazz records must not be played during the visit of our distinguished guest. We were certain that any Oxford College student would expect good music.

Carol and I went upstairs to get dressed. What a painstaking operation it was! There were ribbons to be pressed, white canvas slippers to be cleaned and—I do not remember, but likely there was a stocking to be darned. We saw a taxi coming up the road and a self-possessed young man stepped out. Carol and I, we confess, had an irrepressible desire to giggle. We duly advanced, however, and Beth charmingly introduced us. We felt all hands and feet, until we arrived in the verandah hammock—on top of Johnny's toy engine. We then surveyed our visitor. He was tall, curly-haired, and clad in the most stylish of grey tweed knickers. His monogrammed club-bag next caught our gaze and then his stylish, but, mystical college pin.

Carol and I immediately excused ourselves on hearing a cheery whistle and the slam of the back door. "Pardon me but why all the fuss. Can't a fellow sit on his own verandah?" drawled Robert. "No indeed, responded Carol, "On our verandah sits Charles Lincoln—and look at the garb you are in. You will have to put on your best suit." A few minutes later a voice called down the stairs breaking into the strains of "Ave Maria," "Hey, Beth, where is a clean collar?" Beth vanished to prevent any more humiliating questions. Soon Robert ap-

peared with shining countenance and properly brushed hair.

The dinner was not what you would call a decided success. The fricasseed chicken was tough, the potatoes were soggy, and the cream pie had suffered considerably from John's carrying. At dinner Robert was hopeless. He talked incessantly. Robert chose such strange, inappropriate topics. He talked of rugby prospects—of baseball finals and Babe Ruth—of prize fighting. No number of kicks in the shins could show Robert the error of his ways. Vainly we endeavoured to lead the conversation to subjects more suited to Charles' training. We broached the subjects of the advisability of the United States entering the League of Nations, and the Labor Situation in Great Britain. To all our suggestions our guest smiled his approval and sometimes, I even thought his eyes twinkled. I had offered to assist Beth at serving and Carol had warned me about placing at the left side. In my excitement I inadvertently placed the pie at his right hand side. I glanced at Carol and saw her lifted eyebrows and realized my error. I snatched the pie-plate and passed it over and set it down at the left side missing the top of his head by a hair's breadth. Carol was seized by a violent fit of coughing and hastily left the table. For the final course at dinner we had strawberries and cream. Johnny was particularly fond of cream. His berries were all eaten and a few drops of the precious cream remained. Johnny raised his dish and before our horrified eyes proceeded to drink it. Robert and Charlie laughed uproariously and we, a little timidly joined in the merriment.

After dinner Robert suggested showing Charlie his workshop. We felt an impending calamity. To take dignified, immaculately dressed Charles into Robert's workshop meant disaster. We had once entered those sacred portals and had returned grease-stained, sadder but wiser girls. Charlie heartily re-

plied, "Certainly wait a minute till I change my clothes." Three angry girls scolded Robert and too late he realized his error.

Later, when doing the dishes, an apparition appeared. He was clad in khaki trousers, greased-stained and worn, and as fishy-smelling a sweater as even Robert graced. He walked over to the victrola, selected a carefully concealed jazz record, put it on and turned to us. "Come on Mary," he called and swung me into a fox-trot. Robert's

voice was heard from without and he stopped the victrola, released me, grabbed some dishes from Beth's hands, placed them in the cupboard, pulled Carol's hair and ran outside slamming the door. He flung over his shoulders to three stunned girls, "Meet you in ten minutes for a swim girls."

We collapsed on the nearest chairs. Carol, being the first one to recover her breath, flippantly said, "and that's that!" and from now on our slogan is "Be yourself."

THE BADGE OF HONOUR

By Victoria Bates, 2A Commercial.

It was the coldest day that the city of Clyde had felt since winter had set in. During the night rain had fallen, and frozen as it touched the ground, making the streets and roads slippery and dangerous. And to make matters worse, snow was beginning to fall, hiding the dangerous spots from unsuspecting pedestrians, and forcing the most reckless drivers to handle their cars with unusual care.

But, in spite of the forbidding appearance of the weather, two girls and a young woman made their way cautiously along the glassy pavement of the main street, their eyes ever on the outlook for innocent-looking patches of fresh white snow, beneath which would undoubtedly be a slippery stretch of ice. The short flannel skirts of the two girls, their trim coats adorned with a small badge, and their felt hats banded with a coloured ribbon, showed at a glance that they were Girls Guides, while the third person in the group was probably their Captain.

The girls were both in the same patrol, under the leadership of their companion, Miss Wendell. Both entered heartily into the spirit of the organization; both wore a number of proficiency badges pinned to



the right sleeves of their coats; yet there was a vast difference in their natures.

Audrey Emerson, a girl who had succeeded in winning the love and admiration of her companion Guides strove day by day to better her ways and habits. She kept the Guide Law and Promise foremost in her mind, and endeavoured to obey them to the letter; their motto, "Be Prepared," she put into constant use; and, as a result, was

courteous, obedient, friendly, and a true Guide.

But the other girl, Philippa Burnham, was directly the opposite. She learned the Law and Promise merely because it was one of the requirements of the Patrol; she carried them out just sufficiently to win badges, and she took pride in the badges only because they were the subject of much admiration among her friends and relatives.

Their conversation during the icy walk was based for the most part, on a mysterious announcement made at the Guide meeting, a quarter of an hour earlier. Miss Wendell had explained that at the next meeting, one week hence, a special Honour Badge would be awarded; she had given no instructions as to how this badge could be won, merely saying that the one who deserved it, before all others, would be presented with it. And each girl in the troop, twenty-four in all, wondered and wondered who would receive it, secretly wishing to possess it herself.

"So there is nothing we can do to win this badge, Miss Wendell?" inquired Audrey Emerson, carefully picking her way over a slippery part of the side-walk.

"Just wait until the next meeting, and the girl who deserves it shall receive it," replied their Captain, wisely nodding her head.

They walked on, reaching the busiest section of the town, although at the present moment it was almost deserted. A policeman stood on a corner, trying to look dignified, when he really was "chilled to the bone," as he told himself. A few business men passed briskly, and one or two shivering little newsboys shouted at the top of their shrill young voices, "Clyde Mercury! Clyde Mercury!" Hobbling slowly along the street, the biting wind nearly blowing her away, came an old woman. She carried a heavy basket of apples on her arm, and seemed to be having some difficulty in keeping her balance.

"Shall we help her, girls?" asked Miss Wendell, softly. "Remember

the third Law: "A Guide's duty is to be useful, and to help others."

"Yes, let's," responded Audrey, promptly; but Philippa's face took on an annoyed expression, while she thought.

"Why can't Miss Wendell let us hurry home? I'm nearly frozen!"

Then, just when they were on the point of offering to help, a sudden gust of wind came blustering around the corner. In a second the old woman had fallen, her apples scattered in all directions by the wind, and she herself so dazed that she just sat there.

But Miss Wendell's eyes were keenly watching the two girls. She saw the prompt aid of Audrey, in helping the old woman to her feet; and she also saw the listless manner in which Philippa picked up a few of the apples. She made a mental note of these facts, turning to offer her services as well; and in five minutes or so the old woman was safely guided to her home, grateful thanks on her lips and in her eyes. The captain noted the polite way in which Audrey spoke to the woman, and she thought of the fifth Law: "A Guide is Courteous." Philippa, she noted, took little or no part in the words spoken between them, and she decided to speak to the girl about it.

"Philippa, don't you think it would be more like a Guide for you to be more enthusiastic in your helping?" she asked, as they continued their careful walking. "I noticed that you hardly helped that poor old woman at all, and you didn't even speak to her! Couldn't you try and remember the Guide Law?"

Then, as a red flush mounted to Philippa's face at this unexpected reproof, Audrey remembered the fourth Law: "A Guide is a Friend to all, and a sister to every other Guide." She said quickly, before Philippa could answer.

"Oh, Captain, I'm sure Philippa didn't mean to be selfish! You'll try to be nicer, won' you, Phil?"

And Philippa, remembering the

promised badge, murmured, "Yes."

Miss Wendell, in the course of their walk to the girls' homes, noted well in how many instances the Guide Law applied to Audrey, and in how many cases it did not apply to Philippa.

"A Guide is loyal"—How many times Audrey made it appear that Philippa was much better than she really was!

"A Guide is a friend to animals." The expression of dislike on Philippa's face, as a stray dog ran up to be petted and fondled, and the promptness with which Audrey gave him a gentle pat on the nose, proved her faithfulness in carrying out this Law.

"A Guide's Honour is to be trusted."

"A Guide obeys orders."

"A Guide smiles and sings under difficulties"

"A Guide is thrifty."

"A Guide is pure in thought, in word, in deed."

Yes, indeed, Audrey carried out, or tried to carry out, all these Laws; but, on the other hand, Philippa disregarded them. Miss Wendell, who had, unobserved and unnoticed, been testing all the girls in the patrol, knew now to whom the badge—"The Badge of Honour"—would be given at the next meeting. She knew that Audrey deserved it, and that she would proudly give it first place on her right sleeve, while others in the troop, though proud at first, might weary of it, and lose interest in the honourable position it gave the wearer.

And at the next meeting, Audrey Emerson, flushing happily, went forward to receive the badge, and to have it pinned to the right sleeve of her coat.

"The Badge of Honour!" she thought, "It will always remind me to be honourable, for one who is dishonourable could not possibly wear it!"

A JOURNEY I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE

By Catherine McBurney, 3A.

To-day, as I sit in my comfortable rocking-chair before the glowing fire with a gaily colored advertisement of a European tour open before me, I go back in memory to that little farm house where as a child I pictured myself—beautiful and wealthy—dancing beneath the soft moonlight on the deck of an ocean liner, or feeling the cool wind upon my face as I climbed the mountains of Switzerland. But the years have glided by and somehow the opportunity has never come to me. Old age is creeping on and I begin to fear that I shall never realize my desire.

But still I have hopes and I dream of the time when I shall board one of those gigantic ocean liners one reads about, and sail away to a foreign country. I shall sit at the

captain's table and the other passengers will turn and murmur one to another "How fortunate! We evidently have with us an aristocrat whose presence will add colour and éclat to the boat." But they will find me to be kind and sympathetic, though a woman of the world.

I shall see with a sudden pounding of my heart the "Prudential Life Insurance" sign upon the impenetrable Gibraltar, gaze with awed wonder before the ancient and mysterious Sphinx, and sip café before a restaurant on the Champs Elysées. I shall witness with horror the cruel national sport of Spain, and glide in a swishing gondola over the moonlit highways of Venice. When the chattering Mohomedan children crowd about me I shall toss them pennies and buy

from their silent fathers beautiful examples of their handiwork.

Well—it is pleasant to dream. If one must go on knitting red mittens for energetic grandchildren

how much more enjoyable to visualize an enticing future than to worry about the health of the Smith family, the price of eggs, or a new recipe for pickles.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE

By S. Wilkinson, 2C.

A great blanket of stillness lies over all. Down in the valley, people move and live. Up here, on the mountain, things seem inanimate, void of life. Below, birds call cheerily to their mates. Above, a lone crow pecks silently at the unyielding earth.

The landscape spread before me is wonderful in its clearness and majesty. Away to the right stretch the eternal peaks, cold and gray in the fading light. The snow is perfectly white, yet lacks light, which a few moments ago, lent to it a dazzling splendour. I have but to turn my head to see a sight less splendid, perhaps, but far more entrancing. The western sky is faintly flushed with a rosy glow, shading from warm scarlet to palest blue-green. A winding road starting life at my feet, seems to lead into

the sunset. It is bordered with graceful elms, each twig of which is delicately outlined against the gorgeous sky. A tall pine is silhouetted against the last crescent of the sun, giving the outer branches a queer, ethereal light. Nestling beneath the sentinel pine, is a cosy green and white cottage, with a twist of smoke from its chimney slowly ascending on the still evening air.

The first sign of the weather breaking from the cruel surveillance of Winter, is the brook, which has bubbled forth from under its imprisoning coat of ice to break into joyful song. Except for this, all is hard, white, and rock-bound.

The birds have ceased singing, and the sun sinks, as if forever, behind the distant horizon. On turning, I see the crow flap mournfully away. All life seems extinct.

BIRD MUSIC

By F. Whitcombe, 4A.

"Bird Music" is the so-called "inspiration of poets" but as I am not a poet I am not inspired by the song of the denizens of the woods. Probably I have acquired this contrary opinion by living at the lake the year round, but will certainly adhere to it as long as I live there the four seasons of the year. Of course I am thoroughly interested in the birds themselves, and enjoy the song of the robin, the wren and similar birds which inhabit the city. However, in the country the num-

ber of bothersome singers certainly outnumber the above.

Crows, hawks, gulls, blackbirds and owls! Not one of these possesses a sweet voice, and yet we hear them more than any other bird. During the hunting season crows and hawks delight in betraying the hunter to the game by emitting shrill cries. Throughout the equinoctial gales the screech of the gulls can be plainly heard above the roar of the water and the moaning of the wind in the pines. It is

as hard then for anyone to go to sleep as it is in the summer months when the whip-poor-wills of the neighboring wood give vent to their feelings toward poor Willie.

Recently I had the opportunity of shooting a splendid snow owl perched in our back yard at dusk. Knowing that they were scarce in these parts and that I could not stuff it myself I frightened the intruder into the woods. I had forgotten that these are the greatest noise makers of the owl tribe, and consequently I lay awake that night listening to its eerie hoots. I did not credit the noise to the owl and slept lightly the rest of the night, expecting any minute to hear someone breaking in. This continued several nights until one evening as I had no other way of reaching home from town I was forced to walk. On reaching

our lane which was intensely dark I stumbled into the bushes at one side. I stopped as though paralysed when my eyes met two large balls of fire glaring at me a little more than two feet away. Then remembering that a lynx had been seen in the neighborhood the week before and was still prowling about I lodged a kick at the object. Immediately there arose a series of deafening hoots which convinced me that it was only my friend the owl. When I arrived home my heart was beating faster than usual and, as I could not sleep that night with Mr. Owl outside my window, I lay awake thinking that whether it was winter, spring, summer or fall there was bound to be some bird belonging to that season which would make me uncomfortable with its "bird music."

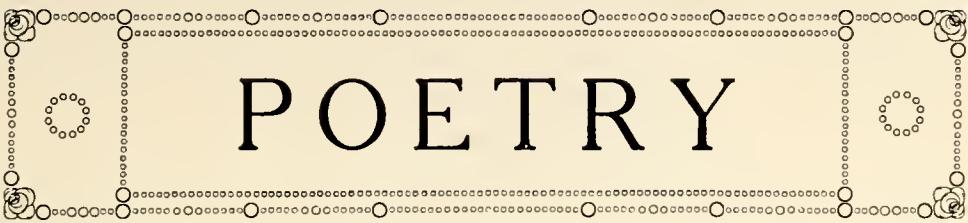
MOONLIGHT

By Nadine Paterson, V.

Moonlight's silver path across the water; Moonlight's silver crown upon the hills. Moonlight shimmering through the quivering leaves of the gnarled old willows stooping over the sea-wall; Moonlight twinkling among the starmoss and lichens concealing their twisted feet. Moonlight glimmering through the thick screen of the hemlock grove; Moonlight bathing the meadows in a liquid glow. Moonlight silvering

the spires and pinnacles of a mighty city there across the meadows. On the topmost tower, a cross, with the moon behind it. Moonlight streaming through the window of a tiny fisherman's cabin. In the door of the cabin, a man, with the moonlight upon his face, watching with straining eyes, a great ship, with moonlit silver sails rounding the frowning headlands to follow the moon's highway over the sea.





POETRY

BIRTHRIGHT

(The medal for the prize poem was award to J. M. Warwick, 4A.)

*We too are Britain; England's kings are ours,
Alberta's prairies, Yorkshire moors are one.
We too speak Milton's tongue and battles won,
Belong to us by common Saxon towers.
For commonwealth men come to Gothic towers
On Ottawa and Thames. The Norsemen run
Their valiant race beneath a western sun.
Our homes are Gaelic cots and English bowers.
This heritage then let us not forgo
For mess of pottage, gilded or disguised
By statesmen into prospect seeming fair
Yet traitorous; but rather will we go
From height to height, our destiny comprised
In that of Empire, to British freedom heir.*

JUDE M. WARWICK, 4A.

ATOP THE HILL

*Atop the hill the daisies grow,
In the darkling dell the violets blow,
Where my true love waits for me.
And I know my coming is glad surprise
By the lifting light in her laughing eyes
As she turns to walk with me.*

*'Tis the lass has conquered and I om the slave,
As ever the fair entrapped the brave,
Since the dawn of Eve's first day.
For recked with a maiden's silken hair
Medusa's tresses were harmless geor
And lads are easy frey.*

JUDE M. WARWICK, 4A.

CAMP FIRE REVERIE

*Through veiling ecleat dusk of eve
Rare, wondrous pictures I conceive,
In glancing, golden, gilded gleams,
Guiding my mind down histories' strooms,
I see fierce flames by Furies fanned,
Lights of Loyalists in lonely land,
The ancient Greek with golden jar,
Of sacred fire, for islands far.
England's blazing beacons burning
Through the darkness, sending warning,
Of her fearful fire-shifts flaring
Frightening even Spanish daring,
Fires in forests raging, roaring,
Flames and smoke to heaven soaring,
Indian guards the watches keeping
In the wigwam all are sleeping,
A maiden burning on a stake
Giving all for her country's sake,
Yet my camp fire, ever changing,
Shows still a host of scenes ronging,
While I in roture now retire
To dream in sleep beside my fire.*

LAURA HARGROVE, 4B.

DAWN

*Slowly, softly, the curtain lifts
The rose lights gliding into the gray.
The silver dancer throws her gaze
To her golden love as she quits the stage;
Shrouding his shoulders in amber drifts,
Veiling his light os the setting shifts,
For the opening scene of another day.*

NADINE PATERSON, V.

THE MASQUERADE

*When tensions tighten painfully,
And dreary days drag dolorfully,
Pent up emotions, long-controlled,
Burst forth to freedom as of old.*

*Aside is thrown the suit or gown,
As each dons dress of queen or clown,
Then hastening to some home or hall
They join the joyous costume ball.*

*Where music floats through brilliant light
A challenge to the powers of sight,
And here in gorgeous garb arrayed,
Historic figures are portrayed.*

*Alone each is a picture fair,
And couples form a contrast rare,
As o'er the floor they spin and whirl,
The gallant youth and beaming girl.*

*Fled from world's care for just this night,
They gaily dance, till morning's light,
Then from the dizzy dance's whirl,
Go faltering steps of boy and girl.*

E. HARGROVE, 4B.

O

SONNET TO OMAR KHAYYAM

*Utopian optimism held, the literary world in vise.
They thought of the hereafter with impressive long-drawn sighs.
Then from the sands of Araby a sibilant whisper came,
Mingled with tinkling fountains, Sybarite feast,
All the barbaric splendours of the East,
And murmured to them Omar Khayyam's name.
He cared not for the end of things; he lived for life alone.
"A wicked deed's indelible; 'Tis useless to atone."
A glass of wine he held aloft, a maiden's hand he clasped.
"Give me wine and love and poetry, and I shall be content."
And though against the Optimists this Epicurus raged,
Some hailed his happy Pessimism as help from Heaven sent
Rose tinted Araby, dark houris' eyes enthralled,
The straight and narrow path no longer called.*

NADINE BOOTH PATERSON, V.

O

PUNCTUATION

*A funny old man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jelly fish float up a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But it's true if told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.*

NORMA HILLYARD, 3A.

O

WISHES

*I wish I were a snowdrop, small,
This dreary world to cheer,
And bring the glad news to us all
That Spring is nearly here!*

*I wish I were a rose, so red,
To bloom in balmy June,
Where many happy lovers tread
Beneath the summer moon!*

*I wish I were a Maple Leaf,
The Emblem which we prize,
That in the Autumn gives relief
To rest all weary eyes!*

*But when the winds of winter blow,
A bird I'd like to be;
I'd fly away from ice and snow
Across the bright blue sea!*

*O'er wishes have I oft times sighed,
But dreams are all a sham,
And now I must be satisfied
To be just what I am,*

ISABEL FOSTER, 3A Com.

OLD SCHOOL SPIRIT

*Studies rank first, of course that is clear,
Then rugby comes next of the games ever dear,
And hockey is fitting to rank with the rest;
But the Old School Spirit, I love it best.*

*Knowledge will dim with the fleeting years,
Sports will not seem so important I fear,
But regardless of time; be it Eons away,
That Old School Spirit will always stay.*

*When I dream of my loves as I sometimes do,
And they're not very many between me, and you
The one standing out like a light on the crest,
Is that Old School Spirit, I love her the best.*

B. SOUTHERN, 4A.

—O—

THAT OLD HOME OF MINE

*Old home, old days, old friends,
How rich the memories are
To one who thinks of other times,
To one who's travelled far.
Though we may be in distant lands,
Far o'er the ocean foam,
There is a lingering pleasure yet
When e'er we think of home;
And so I send a toast to you
From this far distant clime:
"God prosper you and keep you true,
You Dear Old Home of Mine.."*

*Old home, old days, old friends,
So rich in love for me,
For one who dreams of other times,
Longs there again to be,
To live once more my boyhood days,
To grasp an old friend's hand,
To meet again the pals I knew,
The friends I understand.
Times will change in the years untold;
But bright the light of home will shine,
With memories you will ever hold,
You dear Old Home of Mine.*

JAMES PRENDERGAST, 2A Com.

—O—

SCHOOLDAYS

*I ran from files of books on desks,
And took a sudden fall;
I tumble out among the rest,
To play at basket ball.*

*By thirty steps I hurried down,
And slipped against the railing;
By many doors, and then around,
How fast I went a-sailing!*

*Then by the office door I flew,
To join the brimming laughter;
Each day goes by with something new,
And HOME WORK always after!*

VIRGENE ARBOUGH, 3A Com.
(Apology to Tennyson).

—O—

“RETROSPECTION”

*Last night I wandered in a darkened glade
Where light and shadow played clusively,
And marvelled at the wonder of the moon,
“Ah! silvery disk, eternal wast thou made
And lovely in the sight of man! Wherefore
Dost thou now wend thy misty way so soon
To lie all hid beneath the horizon's blue?”*

*“I come from realms of darkest night
Where myriad stars do lie;
I travel down my heavenward way
When setting sun draws nigh;
I linger long above the earth
All bathed with my silvery light,
And gently glide down a silvery slide
At the light of a new day's birth.”*

MARY LESLIE, 2A

INNATE ABILITY

*In each and all of us there lives a spirit
A skill to do those things which each knows best
Yet many when it calls, refuse to hear it
Preferring more to let their talent rest.*

*But rest it never will and in some seasons
This spirit like a thorn within the flesh
Compels us oft to question those good reasons
Wherin our aptness lies as in a mesh.*

*More often then we find them not so valid
Yet still we cannot seem to overcome
That tendency to mentally turn pallid
When we perceive how great we might become.*

*Here is a man might be an able painter
And knows the very thing that he must do
But ever will his heart beat all the fainter
For thinking of the work he must go through.*

*And here is one might be a prince of commerce
Mayhap works hard enough in his small way
Yet still continues pinched in mind and purse
Too much afraid to give his genius sway.*

*And here again, another does not know
Just what it is that constitutes his gift,
Who feels impelled to go and always go
Still up and down the world in aimless drift.*

*And thus it is with hosts and hosts of others—
Potential doctors, lawyers and the rest:
Be it sloth or fear or blindness—something smothers
This latent power to give the world our best.*

*Indeed it seems that all conspires against us.
Some even find a comfort in the thought,
As if it pardoned all our cowardly weakness
And succor from self-condemnation brought.*

*So let us not be frightened of endeavour
Nor shrink from giving all that we can give
For only by such service can we ever
Find peace within this life we have to live.*

R. GLEED WORKMAN, V.

—O—

A TRAGEDY OF BIRD LIFE WITH A MORAL,

*Each year, within our northern clime there comes,
To some one of our yearly wintering birds,
A death so tragic as to rival that
Of prisoners walled up in the feudal times.
'Tis that of untried and stripling partridge
Which from the winter storm seeks transient shelter
Beneath the deep piled drifts of fleecy snow,
And, sleeping through the night in quiet warmth,
Wakes on the morn to sharp insistent hunger
And, striving upward through the yielding drift,
Comes short upon the tightly frozen crust.
But fearing nought, strikes with impatient beak
To find it all unyielding—only then
It feels itself a prisoner and there comes
The frenzied struggle of the wildling trapped.
And this through all the day until the evening
When there remains a single paltry inch
To bar the bird from gaining soon its freedom.
And this were shortly done, but here alas!
The partridge sinks in weakness from its hunger
With bleeding beak and torn claws—exhausted.
And when it next essays the following day,
With weakened strength, to pierce this last thin wall,
Finds through the night the frost has done its work
To close the half-made breach still tighter yet.
And now remains but slow and lingering death
Protracted often o'er a space of days.
And when the sun comes forth again at last
To melt the prisoning ice—all that remains
A mass of feathers buried in the snow.
From this there is a lesson can be drawn
Of which we everyone stand sore in need:
When young let us not yield to idle habits,
Lest when we see the need to cast them off,
We find the crust too strong for our faint will.*

R. GLEED WORKMAN.

OH! FRESHMAN!

*Once a young Freshman was cast on a coast
Where a cannibal king reigned supreme,
And that very evening they served the poor Freshie on toast
And also with sugar and cream.
But alas! for the ones that committed the act,
For before the next morning was seen,
By Cholera Morus the tribe was attacked
As the Freshman was terribly green.*

NORMA HILLYARD, 3A.





TRANSLATIONS

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

Do you know of a lofty castle
Reared high o'er the surging sea
Where the fleecy clouds at twilight
Drift rose and goldenly?

The mirror-clear water beckons,
Gleaming mistily far below,
Yet it longs to rise triumphant
Into the evening glow.

So I have often seen it,
That lonely tower sea-bound,
With the silver moon above it
And the soft mist curling round.

The waves of the thundering ocean
That washes its ramparts gray,
Cannot deaden the joyous echo
Of singing and music gay.

But now the wind's voice is stilled
And the tears spring to my eye,
As a dirge of hopeless sorrow
Ascends to the darkening sky.

Do you see on the high-flung terrace
The king and his queen walking slow?
Is there the glint of a golden crown
Or a scarlet mantle's glow?

Do they bring out with joyous rapture
A beautiful maiden there?
Do you see how the flashing sunlight
Reflects from her golden hair?

I saw the parents walking
With dark robes floating free,
The golden crown had been flung aside
The maiden I did not see.

—Nadine Paterson, V.

(Translation of Goethe's "Das Schlosz am Meer.")

EL BESO

Me han cantado que, al morir,
 Un hombre de corazón
 Sintió o presumo sentir
 En Cadiz repercutir
 Un beso dado en Canton.
 Que es imposible, Asuncion?
 Veinte anos hace, que dé
 El primer beso. Ay de mi!
 Di mi primera pasión
 Y todavía, Asuncion
 Aquel frio que sentí
 Hace arder mi corazon.

—Ramonde Campoamor.

Ramon de Campoamor was a Spanish poet and miscellaneous writer of last century. His collection of poems called "Dolora" attracted the most attention, although some critics assert that his histories in verse are his masterpieces. His plays are also worthy of mention.

THE KISS

People have told me, that on dying
 A man of deep affection
 Felt, or thought he felt
 In Cadiz, the reverberation
 Of a kiss given in Canton.
 Impossible you say, Ascension?
 Full twenty years ago, I gave
 My earliest kiss. Ah me!
 I gave way to my first passion
 And yet, Ascension,
 I then felt a chill
 Which makes my heart burn still.

A. Vollmer V.

SOMMERNACHT

Mit ausgespannten Armen
 Komim' leis' die Nacht;
 Drueckt Feld und Wald und Fluren
 Ans Herze sacht.

Schlaegt ihren weichen Mantel
 Um Strauch und Baum
 Und summst mit Glockentoenen
 Die Welt in Traum.

Vergessen hat die Erde
 Des Tages Weh,
 Ich hebe meine Augen
 Hinauf zur Hoeh!

Ein Voeglein seh'ich tauchen,
 Ins Abendgold

Ach! wenn's auch meine Seele
Mitnehmen wollt!

—Johanna Ambrosius.

Johanna Ambrosius was a German poetess of the nineteenth century. She married a peasant's son and for many years led the peasant's life of toil, until, when a middle aged woman, her verses, published in a weekly newspaper, brought her fame and position. She is a poetess of the people and her work has had a very wide circulation.

SUMMER NIGHT

With outstretched arms and tender
So softly comes the night,
She clasps field and forest, forsaken
By the day in flight.

Now she throws her mantle gently,
Over tree and bush,
While her vesper-bells are ringing
The world to hush!

The earth has soon forgotten,
Each trouble of the day
To the hills I lift my eyes, then,
Far, far away.

A birdling I see drop downward
To the glowing west.
Oh! that my soul might follow
Follow it now to rest!

—Inez Nickels, V.



SI VOUS VOULEZ CHANTER

Si vous voulez chanter, il faut aimer d'abord:
Aimer le Ciel d'azur où se perdent nos rêves,
Aimer la mer immense aux flots battant les grèves,
Aimer le vent qui berce au loin les moissons d'or.

Si vous voulez chanter, il faut aimer d'abord.
Tout ce que Dieu créa pour embellir la vie,
La terre généreuse à nos soins asservie
Qui sait donner le pain à qui sème l'effort.

Si vous voulez chanter, il faut pleurer d'abord.
Oui, sachez-le poète, on pleure quant on aime.
Les larmes, voyez-vous, sont la note suprême
Qui traduit tout l'amour un sublime essor.

—Emile Coderre.

This poem is a tribute to the glory of a dream, to the benefit of solitude and to the sweetness of love. It is the work of a young man whose superior artistic and literary ability, produced one of the most beautiful books that have been publishd for several years. His poems are exquisite, elegant in form and lofty in inspiration. The originality which

characterizes them does not take anything away from their beauty, depth of thought and recollection of memories. All lovers of wholesome and faultless poetry will be fascinated by the artist and his work. The poet appeals to hearts which delight in meditation, in the presence of nature, to those who rejoice in the inner life, to those who suffer, who love and who seek for what makes life charming, the beautiful in the good. The poet rises with a single stroke towards the heights of wholesome and beautiful literature. He has won a place in his very first collection among the best and most loved of our French-Canadian poets.

IF YOU WOULD SING

If you would sing, you first must love
 The azure sky to which our visions soar,
 The boundless sea which beats against the shore,
 The wind that sways from mount to cove
 Harvests of gold.

If you would sing, you first must love
 All God's creations to adorn our ways,
 Bountiful earth enslaved to our days,
 Rewards all those who aspire above
 The common throng.

If you would sing, you first must weep,
 As taught by life, sorrow must come with love,
 And tears are the supremest note above,
 Which gives to love if truly deep,
 Its lofty flight.

—Reta Arnold V.

NIL NOVI

"THE MONK"—*L'Illustration, Paris, By Anna Vollmer, V.*

A Russian archaeologist, Mr. Zuffer, while directing excavations on the site of the ancient Greek colony of Olbia, which flourished in the fifth century before our era, has just made an important discovery in the tomb of a lady of fashion of the time. The learned professor has found in a perfect state of preservation, the sepulchre of a young woman, in which had been enclosed according to custom, the intimate articles of the deceased in order that she might continue to use in the hereafter certain accessories which would not be less indispensable to her in her second life than in her first.

These essential articles, of which it would have been criminal to rob

this frivolous shade, consisted of a little cloth hand-bag containing a metal mirror, a black pencil for the eye-brows, and a stick of rouge for the lips. Nothing new under the sun, you see: for twenty-four hundred years, there have been women who have made themselves beautiful by methods which have not changed at all.

Philosophers and moralists will experience in view of this declaration, a feeling of weariness, almost metaphysical, worthy of Ecclesiastes. *Vanitas vanitatum!* More than one thinker, before this open tomb, will understand that in the ancient civilization, warriors were not the only ones who wished to sleep their last sleep surrounded by their weapons,

and strange thoughts will be crystallized about these frivolous toilet accessories.

The philosophers would be wrong, however, in declaring that the sun of our century has not brought us anything new. It has really accomplished a genuine revolution in this sphere. Mr. Marcel Boulanger has just invited us to admit that modern civilization has introduced an element of unquestionable novelty into the history of cosmetics in the course of centuries. We are witnesses this moment of the successive abandonment of the ancestral traditions of feminine allurement. Our fair friends repudiate today the aesthetic intangible ideal of the "woman-flower" of all the centuries, the lily and rose complexion.

It is a fact: the lily and rose complexion is no longer worn. Sport and sea-side heliotherapy have killed it. Thus they have determined the style and present new sociologic tendencies. The delicate shades of a pearly cuticle have given way to the search for more vigorous colors and to the harmonies of a more decided tone. The face, the arms, the shoulders of our lady companions have thus followed the irresistible movement which inspired our painters, our artist decorators, and our furniture manufacturers to seek for tonal effects more decided and more bold than those of their ancestors. Formerly in the midst of apartments in which neutral tints dominated, a lady's toilet served only to frame a face, in which the finest qualities of white and rose were cultivated with care. At this time, some people were contented with the modest contrasts which the young Grecian of Olbia has already created with her red paste and black pencil.

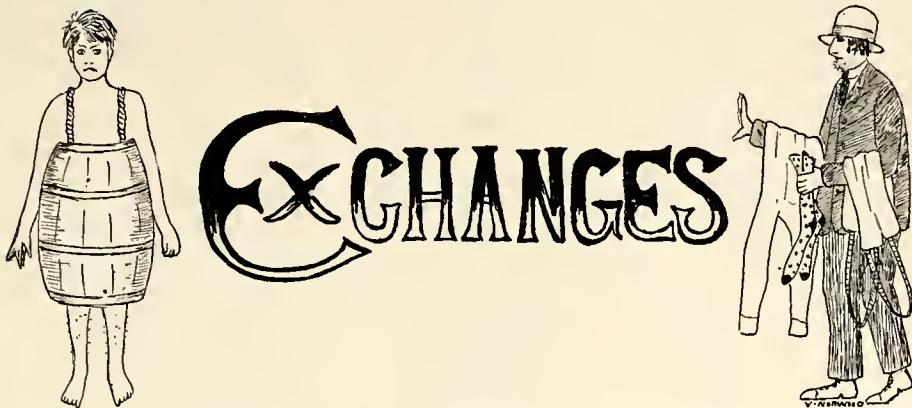
We are no longer in that age. Rice powder can no longer preserve its ingenuousness. The light "mist,"

in which a pretty face was wrapped, has taken the copper tints of a storm cloud. It is no longer a question of the distinguished pallor, sought for by the contemporaries of the Lady with the Camellias. The young girls in bud, blossom out in tonalities which recall those of the Mohicans on the war-path. The Redskins of Mayne-Reid on meeting a Parisian girl of today would not be able to call her Paleface and would take her for a woman of their own tribe. A lady of fashion now disposes of an arsenal of rouges and powders that run the gamut with the bistres and ochres, which permit her to resemble the "squaw" of the Sioux warriors.

The progress of hygiene and the development of physical culture tend to cause the lily-like young society girl to disappear, fading away in the back of the gynaeceum under the anxious watch of her mother. Our young "sports" intoxicated with the sun, fresh air and activity, take pride in hoisting a strongly fortified epidermis, tanned legs, chocolate-coloured arms and Havanna-coloured face and shoulders done to a turn.

A sign of the times: there exist specialists entrusted with artificially tanning and bronzing refactory bare necks by the action of the sun or sea-salt, in order to allow our worldlings afflicted with lily and rose complexion to show next October in the lobbies of the Opera, a cutaneous disguise of which they need not be ashamed.

This is an evil epoch for the grandsons of Ronsard who can no longer invite Mignone to come and see if the rose can call a rival colour into her cheek. The poet who wishes to flatter his beloved and to prove to her that her beauty surpasses nature, will soon have to conduct her gallantly into the presence of a tomato or an apricot.



Most of our old friends are found in our exchange column this year, as well as a few new ones. We hope that the friendly spirit which prompted other schools to send us copies of their magazines will continue, thus helping this column to be of more interest each year.

SCHOOL NEWS—Royal Belfast Academical Institute, Ireland.

We find your school notes very complete, but think a few jokes would brighten your magazine.

COLLEGIAN—Stratford Collegiate Institute, Ont.

Your sports department is excellent. Why not some more short stories and poems? The jokes are very good but why not a few more cartoons.

SALT SHAKER—Nutano, Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask.

Glad to get your magazine. Your athletic accounts are interesting, but why not extend your literary section? Don't you think an autograph page and some snaps would be an improvement?

THE BLUE—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, Eng.

Your school affairs are well recorded but why so few short stories? You could use some jokes and cartoons to advantage.

THE TORCH—Napanee Collegiate Institute, Ont.

Your literary articles are excellent. The best magazines do not mix advertisements with the literary section. Do you not think some cartoons and autograph page would add interest to your paper?

HELLO—Brantford Collegiate Institute, Ont.

Welcome to our exchange list. Your magazine could be greatly improved by keeping the advertisements separate from the literature, and by the addition of a snap page and an exchange column. Your sport department is very well written.

VOX LYCEI—Hamilton Collegiate Institute, Ont.

A good all-round school magazine, with plenty of cuts, cartoons, and good jokes. Your pictures are indeed fine. Come again.

SCHOLA REGIA—Royal High School, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your material is well arranged and the articles and editorials are excellent. Why not try a section devoted to humor?

THE WATSONIAN—Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your literary articles are excellent and your sport accounts are very complete. Why not experiment with an autograph page and some cuts?

Magazine of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.

Your athletic accounts are excellent and your humour is especially good, but the section devoted to literature seems poorly supported. Do you not think a snap page would add interest to your paper?

THE FETTESTIAN—Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your sport section is well filled but could you not improve by devoting more space to short stories and poems? For something new try some cuts and a joke column.

REVIEW—St. Andrew's College, Toronto, Ont.

An unusually good magazine. Each department well supported. Your cuts and cartoons are excellent. Why not try a snap page?

CANTURIAN—King's School, Canterbury, Eng.

The bulk of your material is devoted to sport. Although we admit our keen interest in this department, we feel that you could get more literature and a joke or so from your students.

REVIEW—Trinity University, Toronto, Ont.

A monthly magazine that is well worth reading. Your material is well balanced and there are plenty of contributions. Cartoons could be advantageously used to brighten your pages.

THE TWIG—University of Toronto Schools, Ont.

One of the best magazines we have yet received. Every department is well represented and the material is well arranged. We look forward with pleasure to your next publication.

MCGILL DAILY—Montreal, Canada.

We have received copies of your daily paper and certainly appreciate them. It would be impossible to criticize these publications, and we sincerely hope that you will continue to exchange with us.





GIRL'S SPORTS

The Executive of the Girl's Athletic Association which was elected soon after the beginning of school found it necessary to have five curators in each form instead of one as formerly. This is a most assuring proof of the manner in which girls' sports have progressed. Those with athletic ability are now confining their efforts to Basketball, Hockey and Swimming, leaving Field Day in the past and anticipating Baseball in the future.

BASKETBALL

Near the close of last season the 1924 W. O. S. S. A. Basketball team had obtained the right to meet London South in the Semi-finals. Home and home games resulted in a 58-54 victory for our school. The close score speaks for itself concerning excitement, interest, and enthusiasm. In these exhibitions the individual performance of Hazel Atkins reminded the spectators of Florence Buckindail of the old Collegiate and Dorothy Black of St. Thomas. The Sarnia Team however was doomed to meet its Waterloo in the finals against Walkerville. Lilian Bull with her sure shooting forward line, her close checking defense and her short speedy passes outclassed the S.C.I. who went down fighting under an 83-28 score.

Despite the fact that there was considerable delay before basketball got under way, the girls have been making up for lost time in their three weekly practices. On the first night Mr. Keeber, who is

giving much of his time to coaching, and Miss Pugh who is so kindly assisting him, picked the teams with such careful judgment that it has remained practically intact. Although there is an absence of many of last year's veterans each and every member of the team declares herself ready to help in reversing the finals of 1924 when all other opponents are vanquished.

Inter-Form Games

Basketball games held between the forms with the view of deciding on the championship teams are the greatest factor in aiding the growth of this sport. On account of the necessity for concentrating on W.O. S.S.A. basketball it has been impossible to complete the schedule to date. Under Miss Pugh's management many of the games have been played and the semi-finals have been reached.

The Team

As usual a team is entered in the



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Sitting (left to right)—Jean Wheatcroft, Miss Pugh, Ruth Kirkpatrick, Mr. Keeher, Florence Laugher. Standing (left to right)—Vida Simpson, Muriel Teskey, Bernice Simpson, Helen Donald, Margaret Hall, Marion Henderson, Florence Smith.

W.O.S.S.A. Basketball Series to represent the S. C. I. and T. S., the personnel of which includes: Mgr. Margaret Hall, Capt. Ruth Kirkpatrick, Helen Donald, Jean Wheatcroft, Vida Simpson, Bernice Simpson, Florence Smith, Florence Laugher, Marian Henderson and Muriel Teskey.

After finding that Walkerville had secured such finished results from practising with boys, it was determined to follow this plan. The team would like to take this opportunity of extending its heartiest thanks to those boys who have sacrificed their time playing girls' rules—a term held high in their contempt.

Old Girls—S.C.I.

The annual clash between the alumni and the school was more interesting than usual. Although in-

stilled with fear and trembling at the mention of the three Western, the two Ypsilanti Stars and Lorene Warwick, the uninitiated school team was successful in winning this first encounter by a 20-18 score. It was a fast, hard struggle and when "Son" Jennings blew the final whistle it was doubtful who the winners really were.

Watford—Sarnia

The antics of the Sarnia team's first appearance on the slippery dance floor of the Watford armories caused a great deal of laughter. In spite of these adverse conditions the S.C.I. was able to attain a lead of 30 points. On the home floor the whole team worked like clock-work and could not be stopped. As a result the S.C.I. came out on the big end of a 66-7 score.

Strathroy—Sarnia

In the second district game held in Strathroy the Sarnia Wossa girls defeated the Strathroy basketball squad by a score of 47-20. Helen Donald was the individual star, netting 27 of her team's points. During the return game the Sarnia lassies were too good for Strathroy in every department of the game. Sarnia's strong forward trio combined with its energetic defense scored 61 points to the 13 scored against them. Jean Wheatcroft came through with 16 points, her best night's achievement.

Port Huron—Sarnia

The blue and white lassies met their first real opposition in these exhibition games. At half time the score was 8-6 in Port Huron's favor, but when the game was finished the Sarnia team which had flashed some brilliant passing, combination and shooting while playing their own rules, came through with a 27-13 victory. In the return game in the Junior High the Port Huron team had been considerably weakened by the changes made in their line up. Thus the nicely balanced Sarnia outfit swamped the Port Huron aces 61-15 in a very one-sided contest.

London South—Sarnia

Sarnia encountered the toughest opposition of the season in the semi-finals of the Wossa against the London South. It was a close contest throughout with the final score 31-24 Sarnia's favour. Ruth Kirkpatrick, captain, played the best in-

dividual game on the floor scoring 19 of her team's points. In the return game in London the Sarnia girls were able to hold their lead of 7 points and increase it to 17 during the first half. After half-time London inspired by the unusual display of enthusiasm on the part of the rooters was able to tie the score. This called for a play-off which was arranged at Chatham the following week. Here the Sarnia girls had the same experience as in London. For the first three periods they held a considerable lead only to be outplayed on the whole by a score 25-23. Helen Donald's banishment for fouls soon after the whistle for half-time left a decided gap on the team play of the Sarnia girls.

Walkerville—Sarnia

In the first game the Walkerville girls had little difficulty in defeating the Sarnia girls by a large margin. But in the return game the Sarnia girls, smarting under their defeat and anxious to redeem themselves, played one of the best games of the year. The Walkerville forwards found almost as much difficulty scoring against the Smith, Simpson, Laugher defense as the Sarnia forwards against the Bull, Churchill, Churchill guards. The 20-9 score in favour of Walkerville was no discredit to our girls.

No small part of the pleasure of playing basketball is the reception that the team have received at each place where they have been billeted —our thanks go to all those who have made it so.

SWIMMING

The enthusiasm of this recently introduced sport has been as keen, if not keener than in other games. As in other years the girls are allowed the use of the pool on Tuesdays and Thursday from 4 until 5 o'clock. The two aquatic meets held during the term have stimulated interest in swimming and have showed what

the S.C.I. and T.S. could produce along the line of girl swimmers, especially in the individual performance of Jean Wheatcroft's speed and diving.

Live-Saving

During the month of May there were seven girls in the school who successfully passed the examination



GIRLS' LIFE SAVING TEAM

Sitting (left to right)—Pearl Kirby, Hilda Bishop, Mary McIntyre, Miss Scarrow, Betty Gurd, Gertrude Warwick, Elaine Woodrow.

Standing (left to right)—Edith Waghorne, Willma Workman, Dorothy Richards, Vida Simpson, Irene Fawcett, Angora Rollins, Gwendoline McKay, Marion Henderson, Frances Grace, Florence Langher, Thelma McKay.

for the Award of Merit of the Royal Life-Saving Society of England. In the statement of 1924 the Sarnia Collegiate ranked 16th in the Dominion and 1st among the Collegiates of Canada. In an attempt to gain ever greater prestige the number of girls who have been devoting much of their time in learning the

art of life-saving has greatly increased. Although the examination has not yet been tried it is expected that the girls will have little trouble in obtaining it. Those interested in swimming wish to thank Miss Scarrow for the interest she has taken, and the time she has spent, in teaching the instructors who in their turn have taught the beginners.

HOCKEY

While the school rink on the campus lasted the girls became so interested and enthusiastic about hockey, that they held practices not only on Tuesdays and Thursday but often on Saturdays. Ollie McGrath was elected captain and Edna Cob-

ban manager. Under Miss Going's appreciated coaching a team was practically chosen. Games with Watford and other hockey towns were planned when the Spring weather intervened and ended any further development along this line.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Sitting (left to right)—Alex Hayes, Jean Wheatcroft, Hubert Potter.
Standing (left to right)—Jennie Wise, Glenn McPhail, Jean Needham.

FIELD DAY

The Field Day of 1924 was by far the most successful one held yet as weather conditions were excellent and a much longer list of competitors was entered than usual. The school campus was thickly dotted with spectators running hither and thither to find a most advantageous spot for sight-seeing. Many who considered themselves fortunate in obtaining a place on the temporary erected bleachers had their plans shattered when the wooden structures came down with a crash to the general merriment of all.

With such a large number of entries the various events were soon under way and by noon the greater part had been finished; these consisted mainly of ball-throwing, target work, and jumping. The latter attracted keen interest with Howard

Carter featuring as winner of the high jump reaching almost the 6 ft. mark.

The afternoon programme began at two o'clock with a soft ball game between the Senior and Junior girls, with the former carrying off the honours. For the dashes and the running events a splendid track had been marked out.

At the conclusion of the events came the announcement of the girl champions. Jean Wheatcroft of 3A Coll. headed the list of the senior girls, with the large number of 21 points followed closely by Helen Donald of 4A Coll. who gained 19 points, and thirdly by Vida Simpson of 2C Coll. with 10 points. Special Commercial was well represented in the Intermediate division when Jean Needham claimed

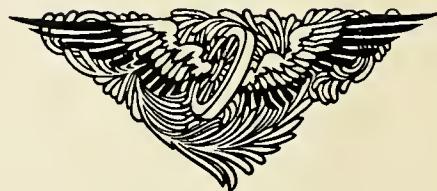
the championship with 20 points, Florence Laugher with 14 points and E. Waghorne of 2C Coll. with 6 points, were fortunate in securing second and third places. In the Junior sub-division Jenny Wise, Doris Kemp, and Hazel Fulkerson all of 3A Commercial gained 17 points, 13 points and 12 points respectively.

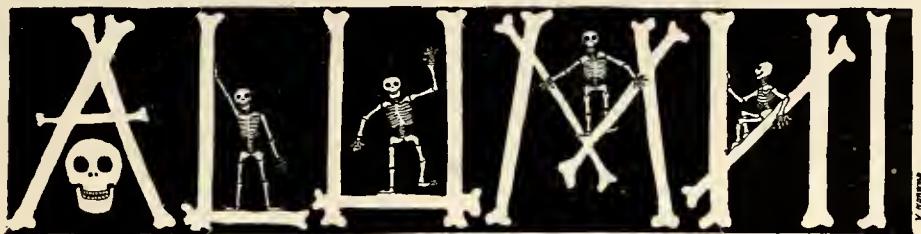
Both the Senior and Intermediate Boys' Championships were deadlocked. The judges decided that the Senior Championship should be awarded to Ted Kennedy of 5th because his 25 points were all secured from 1sts. Although Howard Carter of 3A Coll. also obtained 25 points he was placed 2nd and E. Kellam also of 3A Coll. with 14 points received 3rd place. In the Intermediate Division it was necessary to play off the tie by throwing the ball for distance. In this way Hubert Potter of 3A Coll. with 18

points was pronounced champion and Jim Armstrong of 4A Coll. second with 18 points and G. Finch of 3B Coll. third with 10 points. In the Junior events Alex Hayes of 1C Coll. secured 23 points, Gordon Patterson of 2D Coll. 20 points and E. Hargrove of 4B Coll. 7 points. The midgets made a creditable showing; Glenn McPhail of 2A Coll. coming 1st with 16 points, Donn Barr of 1A Coll. 2nd with 15 points, and Joe Allaire of 1A Coll. 3rd with 6 points.

The form championship was awarded to 3A Collegiate which had a total of 99 points, the girls winning 41 and the boys 58 points. This form was well represented and deserved much credit for the sportsmanship it displayed.

Those in charge felt that the support of the school was behind them in endeavouring to make the day a success.





The class of '24 was one of the largest and most successful ones that has ever graduated from this school. It is interesting to find among their names those of the first graduates of the Technical Department. We wish them all success in their chosen work.

Some of the former students will perhaps be interested in knowing where many of their classmates and teachers are.

Miss Jean B. Ramsay is now Mrs. E. P. Winhold of Brantford.

Miss M. L. Clark is a member of the staff of the Collingwood Collegiate Institute.

Mary Flesher and Mary Watson are attending Western University this year and are both playing on the Basketball Team there.

Manville (Doc) Sloane is studying Medicine at Queen's University.

Stanley (Pat) Crompton and Fred Pugh are taking Business Administration at McGill.

Margaret Wilson is working in Gammon's Grocery.

Margaret Miners is a stenographer for the firm of LeSueur, McKinley, LeSueur and Dawson.

Bob Mair is staying home this year.

Gordon Gardiner is working in the Bank of Toronto.

Doris Lapham is a nurse-in-training at Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Dave McKenzie has a position with the Standard Oil Company in New Jersey.

Lynn Myers is a student at the University of Detroit.

Dorothy Stonehouse and Elizabeth Currie are nurses-in-training at the Port Huron Hospital.

Isabel and Ed Letts are attending the London Central Collegiate.

Bill Richardson is a student at Ridley College.

Jean McFee is attending Loretta Abbey, Toronto.

Della Thibadou is staying home.

Norine Sullivan is a stenographer for the Reid Brokers, Port Huron.

Lois Eagle is living at Port Rowan.

Dorothy Vince is a stenographer at the Canadian National.

Wilbert Boyle is still in town.

Melissa Black is living in Detroit and going to school there.

Fidelis Dionne is at home this year.

Bob Christie is a student at the Sarnia Business College.

Florence Driscoll is now studying music.

Ken Owens is attending school in Detroit.

Lorne Robinson is working for his father at present.

Helen Murphy is living in Goderich and going to school there.

Venner Couse is in business with his father.

Eileen Cook is working for her father.

Lorene Warwick is nurse-in-training at Harper Hospital, Detroit.

Marville Crowe is stenographer at Mueller's.

Charles Hamilton has a position at the Bridge Works.

Grace Cairns and Margaret Murphy are in the office of the Sarnia Fence Co.

Phyllis Beatty and Vera Marsh

are staying home this year.

Helen Fraser is attending Western State Normal College, Ypsilanti.

Charles Grace is now attending Port Huron Junior College.

Blair Pardee has taken a position in the Sarnia Branch of the Bank of Toronto.

Arthur Brown is in town this year.

Bob Ferguson is in business with his father.

Margaret Mackenzie has a position in the office of the Imperial Oil Refineries Ltd.

Eddie Robinson, who was captain of the Rugby Team last year is working for his father.

Hilda Casper is working in Fleming's Grocery.

Neil Subring is working at the Laidlaw, Belton Lumber Co.

Mildred Johnston and Dorothy McIntyre are now living in Port Huron and are attending the Senior High School there.

Gladys Turnbull and Violet Campbell are attending the Stratford Normal School.

London Normal has claimed a large number of our students this year including: Thelma Hamilton, Jessie Kerr, Lovilla Kewley, Ursula Logan, Edith Mills, Louise Needham, Frances Taylor, Jean Woodwark, Helen Workman, Lillian Wheatley, Bertha Nickels, Roy Hardick, Glenn Moore, Arthur Silcox, and Clement White.

Marie Blundy is working in the office of the City Dairy.

Dorothy Couse is a stenographer for the firm of Moncrieff and Woodward.

Frances Grace and Katherine Garrett are staying home this year.

Nellie Gordon and Dorothy Pole have positions in Port Huron offices.

Jim Arnot and Norman Hughes are at McGibbon's and Ingersoll's Drug Stores respectively.

Margaret Glaab and Jean McGregor are staying home this year.

Dorothy Willson is at Branksome Hall, Toronto.

Marjorie Hackney is employed at Mr. H. A. Link's office.

Alice Harwood is working for Mr. C. Peterson.

Kenneth Robinson and Albert Johnston have positions at Pole's Drug Store.

Beatrice Hobbs is stenographer at Doherty's.

Charles Lebel has a position in Cleveland.

Gladys McInnis is in the office of the Hydro Electric.

Anna Mitten and Gladys Gibb are stenographers at the Bridge Works.

Mary Mulligan is working for the Bell Telephone Co.

Ferguson Pirrie is at home just now.

Norris Burgess is taking a Business Course.

Arthur Ellwood is staying home this year.

Velma Simpson has a position with the Sarnia Realty Co.

Fern Wardrop is in Mr. Durnford's office.

Bill Oldham is attending the Senior High School in Port Huron.

Elsie Aslett and Bernadette Cotch are taking courses at the Sarnia Business College.

Claire Manore is in McDougall's Drug Store, Point Edward.

Allan Wadsworth has a position at the Bridge Works.

Vera Wilson is a stenographer at the City Garage.

Horace Millson is working in Port Huron.

Joe Jordan is staying home this year.

Eileen Peterson is working in Minifies.

Harold Maitland has a position in Port Huron.

Catherine Sterne is employed by the Port Huron, Sarnia Ferry Co. Abigail Richardson is Assistant-Secretary in the S. C. I. & T. S.

Norville Gark is in the local branch of the Bank of Toronto.

Edith Parks is a stenographer at the Perfection Stove Co.

Wilhelmina Ross is at home this year.

Elva Haney is a stenographer for the firm Haney & McNally.

Dorothy Stratton is at home this year.

Margaret Gibson is working for Mr. Davies.

McGill University,
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Collegiate:—

It is not without a keen sense of the fact that I am no longer one among you but only one of the Alumni one of the "has-beens," that I begin to write this letter. Neither am I insensible to the honour which is mine but, rather, deeply appreciative, for, anything that I may be asked to do for Sarnia Collegiate is a source of real joy to me. It makes one feel that, though he is absent in body, yet to some small extent his spirit lives on in the minds of the friends he made in the classroom and the Assembly Hall or on the athletic field. I have now a new Alma Mater to love and revere but it can never replace dear old S.C.I. or the newer S.C.I. and T.S. It can at best supplement them. I ask pardon for mentioning the "old school" particularly but it was, as it were, my first "amour" and many who are here at McGill have known no other. The new school is, as it should be, a great monument to Progress, to the on-flowing stream of Time and Change and New Opportunity, and, as such, it must build up for itself an independent spirit and tradition. And, after all, who is it who shall determine whether it shall be an enviable tradition or otherwise? Is it not those who are students during the infancy of the school?

But, there, I must be about my task! "Collegiate" readers want to know something about the Alumni at McGill not the reminiscences of one of them. The number of that body is annually growing and now we stand at the worthy level of thirteen bona fide members. Unlucky thirteen do you say? May the activities of the men of our per-

sonnel be allowed to speak for themselves!

No account would be satisfactory without John Allen, a graduate of some years past, at the head. John has now risen to the enviable position of Demonstrator in Physics in the University. Ted Newton is, of course, as busy dashing around as he was in the days when he was editor of the "Collegiate." He has carried his journalistic endeavours into the sphere of the McGill Daily. This year he is Managing Editor and next year will take up the reins as president of the Daily staff. The Presidency of the Union House is another position which he holds this year. We have the good news lately that he has been awarded a Fellowship and that, in view of this, he will continue his stay at McGill next year as Assistant in the English Department while taking his M.A. work. Walter Potter is Assignment Editor of the Daily and during the year he did good work on the Commerce Rugby Team. He gets his Bachelor of Commerce Degree this spring. Ross Harkness another Commerce man, has been raised to the office of Night Editor of the Daily for next year.

Among those who came down in '23 are Eddie Hanna, Ross Hayes, Miles Gordon and your humble servant. Eddie made a name for himself as the star half-back of the Senior Rugby Squad. As Vice-President we find him active in the work of the Commercial Society. He also took part in the McGill Red and White Review and in the Quebec Indoor Track Championship at both of which he made a fine showing. Buzz, also in Commerce, was probably the most promising defence man on the Senior Hockey Team and did some valuable work for McGill on the Golf Course. As Commerce Representative on the Union House Committee he was in close touch with the activities of that body. Miles, who is a Night Editor of the Daily this year, will

assume charge as Editor-in-chief next year. As secretary he has been prominent in the activities of his year Arts '27. I have been content to confine my energies to the Union House Committee, my year Basketball Team, the affairs of the Theological College to which I belong and the activities of my year Arts '26.

In the list of the '24 arrivals there are four men and one single co-ed. We admire the pluck of the young lady but, of course, we have always known Agnes Depew as a girl of great fortitude! She is in the School of Physical Education and featured on the Hockey Team and other activities of that school. Stanley Crompton is among the boys and has been active in the affairs of his year, Commerce '28. Fred "Gus" Pugh, also in Commerce, is listed among the number of the Senior Rugby Squad. Bruce Spears, too, made a fine showing in Senior Rugby. We also find him on the Daily Staff and active in his year, Commerce '28. Johnson Kirby, who spent last year at Ann Arbor has come to us and is now in Second Year Arts preparing to proceed to medicine.

It is worth noting, I think, that two organizations, the McGill Union and the Daily are practically run by men of the S.C.I. Alumni, while

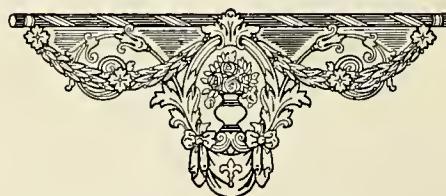
on two major teams our dear old school is well represented.

I should like to go on to speak of the University and its many advantages, of the city, the people and a thousand other thoughts which crowd into my mind but neither time nor space permit. Also, I call to mind the fact that Ted Newton gave you some valuable information along these lines in his letter two years ago. In this same letter he spoke of the McGill S.C.I. Alumni Association. Now we boast of members other than the officers and desire it to be known that, though not violently active, we are very far from being extinct!

But now I must close. There is no need to add a final exhortation to S.C.I. Students. Believe me, I speak for the whole McGill Alumni when I express unshakeable faith in the ability and the determination of the present student body to make S.C.I. and T.S. famed abroad not solely for athletics, not solely for high academic standards, but, first and foremost of all, as an institution which produces REAL men, REAL women, REAL Canadians!

Wishing this year's "Collegiate" every success, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
R. Charles Brown,
Arts '26 McGill.



SCHOLARSHIPS



MISS JEAN WOODWARK

Miss Jean Woodwork was one of our most conscientious and successful students of recent years. Hers was a life of academic activity. She was Vice-president of the Senior Literary Society, our representative in the W.O.S.S.A. Oratorical Contest, Associate Editor of the last publication of "The Collegiate," and valedictorian. Moreover we are proud to add that Miss Woodwork was awarded the First 1924 Carter Scholarship for Lambton County. Our best wishes for future success go with her.



MR. CLEMENT WHITE

After spending two years at home, Clement White had a desire for further education. He returned to school and in June 1924 he succeeded in obtaining the Second Carter Scholarship. Besides standing high in academic work, he also took an active interest in various other school activities. He was proficient in athletics and became a member of both the Senior Rugby Football team and the Basketball team. In addition he held offices in the Cadet Corps and on the Executive of the Boys' Athletic Association. It is our sincere hope that he may have every success in the future.





Once again the S. C. I. and T. S. has come through a very successful sport season. Our rugby team, despite the fact that many of last year's team are not at school went through for the W.O.S.S.A. championship with only one loss out of eight games played. In the finals for the O.R.F.U. Interscholastic championship they lost out in the last few minutes of play to Hamilton who were trailing in the third quarter. The excellent quality of sportsmanship displayed by the team when they lost at London can not be equalled by any school in the Dominion.

Early in the summer the Board of Education started work on the campus and by fall it had been levelled, rolled and drained, putting the field in excellent shape for practices.

Our hockey teams, although not receiving much support from the students have acquitted themselves well. The juniors lost only one game during the season while our senior team is still in the running for W.O.S.S.A. honours. They have one of the fastest and neatest working teams in the history of the school this year.

Owing to illness at critical times the basketball team did not go very far in their quest for the championship. They won their district easily but in the semi-finals were ousted by the fast London Central quint. In the last game of the season the S.C.I. and T.S. squad was badly weakened by the absence of Kennedy and Millman.

RUGBY

Once again rugby played the major role in school sports. Early in the fall its enthusiasts caught the rugby fever and a meeting was called at which plans for the coming season were discussed. "Ted" Kennedy was elected to lead the team and Gleed Workman was chosen as manager.

The school was fortunate this year in being able to secure the services of Ross (Dolly) Gray as coach for the rugby teams. "Dolly" has played the game for a number of years and was very well qualified to succeed Jack Newton. His experience with the Sarnia Intermediates for the past few years proved a valuable asset to our teams, and it is hoped he will be able to lead them in their race for the championship next season.

Although the team this year had lost a number of its stars some excellent material was drafted from the juniors to take the place of our graduates. Little need be said as to how well they upheld the example set by those who came before. The team got down to steady work as soon as the school term began and long before the Old Boys' game they were in excellent condition.

Arrangement of the Schedule

On September 27th. Dr. George A. Smith, Secretary of the W.O.S. S.A., announced the groupings for the Secondary Schools of Western Ontario. Sarnia C. I. and T. S. was grouped with Windsor, Chatham and Petrolia, Sarnia and Petrolia to play off, the winner meeting the winner of the Chatham—Windsor series in home and home games to be decided by October 24th. Points were to count on the round. D. A. Campbell of the Sarnia Collegiate was appointed convenor of the district.

Old Boys 6—S.C.I. and T.S. 3 September 23rd

According to the ancient custom the first Rugby game of the season was against the Old Boys. The Collegiate was in good condition for the game and gave Eddie Robinson and his team-mates one of the hardest battles put up in years losing out by hard luck in the last frame. The game was played on the school campus and attracted a fairly large crowd. The S.C.I. and T.S. drew the best of the play throughout the fracas, keeping the Old Boys penned up in their own end most of the time. The Old Boys had more weight than the Collegians and it was their bucking tactics that gained them yards.

During the first quarter, play was fairly even with neither team gaining much advantage. The first and only count of the period came when Carter booted to Howard who was forced to rouge. In the third frame Howard sent one out of touch to even the count. The turning point of the game came when Robinson punted to Kennedy who tried to take the ball on the run. He fumbled and Crompton fell on it five yards out. The Collegiate held until Donohue smashed over for a touch with one yard to go. Robinson failed to convert. The S.C.I. and T.S. started an aerial attack and forced the Old Boys to rouge again before time was called.

For the Old Boys the plunging of Spears, Teskey, Donohue, Bell and Parks kept the Collegiate on the defence. Carter's booting was better than both Robinson's and Howard's who were getting them too far and high for their forwards to get under in time. "Dutch" Simpson supplied the feature of the game when he sneaked through centre for a 35 yard gain. The Collegiate showed a well-balanced, snappy aggregation which promised to go far in the Interscholastic race before the season ended.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Roy Brown, Lloyd Hallam, Ray Cook.

Middle Row (left to right)—Mr. Campbell, Jim Walsh, Leslie Ewener, Harold VanHorne, John Manore, Walter Callum, Wilfred Hand, Gordon Mattingly, Cyril Teskey, Beatty Jennings.

Bottom Row (left to right)—St. Claire Parsons, Gerald McVean, Frank Burwell, Edgar Kellam, Howard Carter, Edward Kennedy (Captain), Gleed Workman, William Ewener, Bruce Maitland, Logan Millman, Ross Gray (Coach).

W. O. S. S. A. CONTESTS

S.C.I. and T.S. 7—Petrolia 3 October 11th.

The opening game of the W.O.S.S.A. was held at Sarnia when Petrolia Hard Oils were set back by a score of 7-3. Sarnia carrying a lead of 4 points to Petrolia for the return game which was played one week later. The game throughout was a kicking duel between Carter and Hyatt with Carter having an edge over his opponent.

Sarnia's chances looked bright at the beginning of the game, but by the end of the first period Petrolia was leading 3-0. Things took on a different aspect in the second when

Kennedy went over for a touch. Carter added another point on a kick to Petrolia's deadline just as the whistle blew. On an exchange of punts in the third, Carter scored another. The Hard Oils tightened up in the last quarter and presenting a stonewall defence, held Sarnia scoreless.

For the S.C.I. and T.S. Millman, Kennedy, Ewener and Carter were the pick, Kennedy scoring the only touch of the game. Carter had the advantage over Hyatt, the former's long spirals inevitably gaining ground for Sarnia. Fumbles on Sarnia's part however, robbed them of much of this advantage. Hyatt and McHattie were the best for Petrolia while McDougall's plunging was the feature of the game.

S.C.I. and T.S. 10—Petrolia 0
October 18th.

In the return game at Petrolia on October 18th the Sarnia team put the Hard Oils out of W.O.S.S.A. running by 10-0, winning the round by 14 points. During the first period it looked as though Petrolia would score before Sarnia got into the game, the ball being in Sarnia territory most of time. In the second and third Sarnia had the edge of play but Petrolia came back strong in the fourth. At the kickoff Hyatt started a kicking attack. McHattie gave the Hard Oil fans a few anxious moments when he lost the ball near his own line. Sarnia failed to score however, and the period ended 0-0. Carter kicked to the deadline in the second for Sarnia's first counter. McHattie and Pollard did some good bucking for Petrolia while Workman and Ewener did most of it for Sarnia. In the third Hallam gained yards for Sarnia and Carter booted another to the deadline. The Hard Oils were forced to rouge in the last bringing the score to 4-0. On the first down VanHorne scooped up the ball and fought his way through for the lone touch of the game which was converted.

Although the game was kept clean and fast it was not without a few fistic encounters and injuries were common. Sarnia carried a good crowd of fans with them but the Hard Oils had a poor crowd out. Hopper of Petrolia and Cowan of Sarnia handled the game. Baird of London was head linesman.

S.C.I. and T. S. 7—Windsor 5
October 25th

Sarnia's next game was at Windsor where they took Al. Edwards and his outfit into camp to the tune of 7-5. Sarnia was leading by 7-0 until the final chapter when, with 50 seconds to go Edwards scored a touch which was converted. The S.C.I. and T.S. had a smoother working team but Windsor inclined to American rugby, which was over-

looked by the referee. Windsor's line was heavier than Sarnia's but the catching and handling of the ball by the Sarnia team had a wide margin over that of Windsor. Carter's punting was better than Hick's and Parsons and Burwell at ends turned in good games. Edwards starred for Windsor.

The Collegiate took the lead at the start of the game, Kennedy sending Millman through the line for a touch which was converted. Windsor still inclined to American by. In the third Carter kicked to the deadline for a point. With 3 minutes to go Carter booted to Edwards who pulled off a sixty yard run. From this position and with 50 seconds to play, Windsor scored their lone touchdown. Something was wrong with the convert and although it was counted by the referee, the matter was taken up with the secretary of the O.R.F.U. and the point disallowed. The final score was 7-5 for the S.C.I. and T.S.

S.C.I. and T.S. 8—Windsor 0
November 1st

The following Saturday saw the S.C.I. and T.S. with a two point lead to work on, turn back the Windsor aggregation again by 8-0, winning the round by 10 points. Windsor still inclined to American rugby needing only the forward pass to complete it. Parsons and Burwell at ends were good and were getting under Carter's kicks every time. Hallam turned in a good game while Millman and Ewener gave good plunging exhibitions. The whole Sarnia team presented a stonewall defence. Edwards starred for Windsor but his kicking could not be compared to that of Carter.

Windsor took the wind and forced the S.C.I. and T.S. to a defensive game. Play was evenly matched during the first quarter, neither team scoring. In the second stanza, Hallam took Edwards' punt and returned it 65 yards and on a Windsor punt he booted a return to the deadline. Carter kicked two more

to the deadline to make the score 3-0. In the third Kennedy grabbed a loose ball and scurried over for a touch which was not converted. Play see-sawed back and forth in the last frame neither team counting. The game was handled by Baird of London and Lalonde of Toronto.

S.C.I. and T.S. 15—Galt 15**November 5th**

The S.C.I. and T.S. squad was next ordered to meet Galt and on November the 5th they made the trip there and succeeded in holding Galt to a 15-15 tie. A 25 yard run by Kennedy and the silent plays of the locals which caught Galt napping featured the game. With eleven minutes to go Sarnia faced an eleven point deficit, but Hallam kicked eleven onsides in a row and Parsons and Manore went over for two touches. Reist and Patrick were the pick for Galt while Callum, Kennedy, Maitland, Millman and Carter were Sarnia's best.

Sarnia started off strong, Parsons going around the end for yards and Carter forced Reist to rouge. In the second Carter kicked and Shupe drop kicked for three points. The score stood 4-5 for Galt at half time. In the third period Galt got a touch which was not converted. Shupe went over for a touch again at the beginning of the fourth and Sarnia sprung the surprise, when with only eleven minutes to go, Hallam kicked eleven onsides, nine of which were recovered. Parsons got the fifth and went over for a touch and with 30 seconds to go Manore grabbed one which was converted by Carter just as the whistle blew. The largest crowd to witness a game this year at Galt was present.

S.C.I. and T.S. 8—Galt 2
November 11th

In the return game at Sarnia on the eleventh, the S.C.I. and T.S. kept up their string of victories when they turned back the Galt Scotchmen by 8-2 and qualified to meet St.

Thomas in the final round. The game was marked by constant fumbling by both teams. Burwell at end turned in a splendid game and Kennedy was the most spectacular man on the field. He ran back a number of punts but was at times too much inclined to carry the ball himself. Ewener made two fine thirty yard runs and Kennedy furnished the thrill of the game when he took Reist's punt on his thirty yard line and went through for a touch down. Hallam who was hurt in the previous game, watched from the sidelines, but although he and Millman were missing, Potter, Southern and Banwell of the seconds ably filled in.

Galt opened strong, scoring two points in as many kicks to the deadline. Neither team scored in the second quarter, but in the third, Ewener plunged for thirty yards and Kennedy brought joy to the hearts of the S.C.I. and T.S. supporters when he took Reist's kick on Galt's 30 yard line and scored a touchdown but was forced to retire when his ankle gave out. Carter forced Galt to rouge and two minutes later sent one to the deadline. The game was handled by Fickley of Hamilton and Cowan of Stratford.

S.C.I. and T.S. 17—St. Thomas 6
November 21st

Once again the old tradition held true when the S.C.I. and T.S. champion seekers decisively defeated St. Thomas by 17-6 at Sarnia. In spite of the inclement weather a crowd estimated at 1500 attended. Carter's booting was the big factor of the game while Ewener and Millman turned in fine games. Metcalfe and Green were the pick for the Saints. Kennedy was hurt in the first quarter and was carried off the field, Van Horne taking his place. "Buster" Reid of London handled the game and was about as popular with everybody as the iceman on a cold day. He made two or three bad breaks and gave the Saints a touch

which they should not have had.

Brown booted to the deadline and Carter made a tremendous 60 yard kick for Sarnia's second point. VanHorne kicked an onside which Brown got just over the line. Carter converted. Sarnia 8, St. Thomas 0. It was at the beginning of the second that the Saints got their touch handed to them. Play was fairly even during this period until VanHorne kicked an onside, Burwell scoring a touch which was converted by Carter. The third was good straight football. Carter scored on two kicks to the deadline. In the fourth frame Brown was forced to rouge, the final score standing 17-6 for the S.C.I. and T.S.

**S.C.I. and T.S. 1—St. Thomas 6
November 29th.**

The return game at St. Thomas was close throughout. Sarnia presented a stubborn defence and played an onside kicking game which started in a blinding snow storm and ended in semi-darkness. Carter's booting was good and Udell was the best for the Saints. Reid of London again handled the game and had a difficult job straightening out some of his blunders to the satisfaction of the teams.

Neither team scored in the first period but in the second Udell made a touch after a 40 yard run by Baldwin. The touch was not converted. Carter was forced to rouge in the fourth, making the score 6-0. Carter tried onside kicks which the Saints could not cope with and in the last minute kicked to Udell who was forced to rouge. The game was hard all the way through as the field was covered with snow and ice.

Although the S.C.I. and T.S. lost here they retained their lead and thus won the W.O.S.S.A. championship. Owing to the lateness of the season it was decided that a sudden death game with Hamilton for the Interscholastic Championship should be played in London on December 8th.

O. R. F. U. CONTEST

**S.C.I. and T.S. 2—Hamilton 11
December 8th**

The supreme test for the team came when they met the Hamilton team in a sudden death game at Tecumseh Park, London, on December 8th. At the beginning of the fourth Sarnia was leading 2-1 and, with Callum and Millman off for holding, Hamilton came from behind in the dying moments of the game to win one of the hardest fought battles ever waged in an Interscholastic series. Hamilton called the signal for a fake kick which Sarnia was not looking for and Willard broke through for a touch. Hamilton added four more when the S.C.I. and T.S. tried too many onside kicks.

In the first period Brown was forced to rouge. In the second Sarnia fans were given a bad scare when Hunter booted to Sarnia's one yard line. Carter kicked. Sarnia worked the ball up the field and Carter kicked to Hunter who was forced to rouge. He made a spectacular thirty yard run and forced the Hams to rouge again before the period ended. The last quarter proved disastrous to Sarnia's cause. Millman and Callum were penalized and Willard scored a touch for Hamilton. Hodd converted. The S.C.I. and T.S. tried onside kicks but Hamilton added four more points before the period ended.

For the S.C.I. and T.S. Carter's kicking was faultless while his line gave him excellent support. Parsons and Burwell were there every time and Millman was the most effective man on the team, outside of Carter. Although the Collegians lost out in the final moments of the game, they came up smiling and despite the fact that they were plastered with mud they lined up and gave three cheers for Hamilton. Such spirit speaks well for S.C.I. and T.S. sportsmanship.

PERSONNEL OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM



WILLIAM EWENER

A newcomer to the school who displayed rare sportsmanship when he declined playing for outside teams that he might be eligible to play for his adopted school. Strong and fast, he was valuable on both the offensive and defensive.

GLEED WORKMAN

The real veteran of the team who, by virtue of his experience and planging ability was one of the mainstays of the squad.

EDGAR KELLAM

One of the stars of this year's second team. Edgar was always ready to step into an end position and proved to be an excellent ball carrier and defensive man.

ROY BROWN

"Safe," who came out in mid-season when injuries decimated the ranks, fitted in well. A sure catch and good runner he bolstered up the weakened backfield. "Safe" was also an excellent drop kicker.

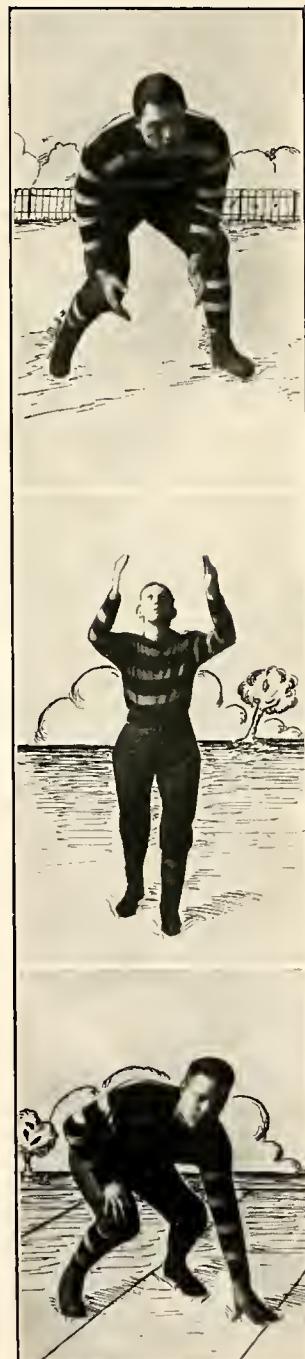
EDWARD KENNEDY

Captain and Quarterback.

"Ted" was the fastest man on the team and his broken field running was a feature of every game. He was a fighting leader who gave everything that was in him in every game. Ted was also one of the deadliest tacklers on the team.

WILFRED HAND

A lineman of the first degree. Although not very spectacular was consistent and aggressive. He stepped into the breach when the team was in dire need of assistance.





LLOYD HALLAM

Another of last year's team who displayed unusual ability in running, kicking and passing. Although injured when he was needed most it was partly due to his efforts that the team went as far as it did. Has a promising future in rugby circles.

ST. CLAIR PARSONS

"Bud" was a hard, low tackler and was always down under every kick. He was also adept at gathering in onside kicks and long passes when extra yards were needed. His tackling featured every game.

HAROLD VANHORNE

"Funny," a veteran of three seasons is strong and fast and made an ideal half man. He broke up many of the enemy's plays by his low, hard tackling and was always good for yards through the line.

WALTER CALLUM

One of the fastest men on the team who came out later in the season and gave valuable assistance when, due to injuries the team was in drastic need of help.

HOWARD CARTER

One of the huskies of the team. An elusive open field runner and able to boot with the best of them. Could also plunge with equal skill. A star in every game.

FRANK BURWELL

Frank was another outstanding and deadly tackler of the team. Big and fast he was down on every kick. Frank could always be depended upon to take his man out of the play.





BRUCE MAITLAND

One of the most effective plungers and deadly tacklers on the team. Big and strong, he could step into any line position without weakening it.

JAMES WALSH

A half-man of great promise, who had to leave the game through injuries early in the season. However Jim carried on and made all the trips with the team as first aid man and rubber.

JOHN MANORE

Johnny was the real utility man of the team. He was ready and capable at all times to fill either a half position or end. He was a hard tackler and a sure catcher.

CYRIL TESKEY

One of the finds of the season. An accurate passer who naturally fell into the position of snap. Was often referred to by sport writers as a "hard, gritty tackler."

LESLIE EWENER

Although small and light "Les" was an excellent plunger and could always be depended upon. His hard tackling was also noticeable in every game.

LOGAN MILLMAN

Big, strong and fast "Loge" was an ideal lineman. Could always be depended upon for as many yards as were needed. Could play with the best of them.





RAY COOK

Ray is big and strong and although this was his first season proved himself a capable lineman. An excellent tackler and plunger.

ROSS GRAY

"Dolly" Gray proved himself an able successor to Jack Newton when he took over the S.C.I. and T.S. team. It was partly due to his diligent and untiring work in the coaching of the team that they had such success in winning the W.O.S.S.A. championship. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gray will take over the team again next season.

GERALD McVEAN

A newcomer to the school and also to the game of football. He soon adapted himself to the game however, and secured a position on the team. Another year's experience and he will be a valuable man.

GORDON MATTINGLY

A hard and consistent worker. Could play either inside or middle and although rather light was an effective player on both offensive and defensive. A promising player for next autumn.

BEATTIE JENNINGS

"Son" Jennings' interest in the school was plainly shown this year when he came out near the end of the season to help "Dolly" Gray in the coaching of our rugby team and again when he consented to take over the training of our basketball squad. A hard, consistent worker, his influence did a lot towards the success of our teams.



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS

On the morning of January 8th, 1925 the Senior rugby team was presented with silver medals donated by the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association. Dr. A. N. Hayes made the presentation and Coach Ross Gray gave a short address in which he stressed the great achievement of the school in winning the championship. The players presented were coached by Ross "Dolly" Gray and Beattie "Son" Jennings and included Walter Callum, John Manore, Howard Carter, Lloyd Hallam, Roy Brown, Harold VanHorne, Gerald McVean, Edward Kennedy, Cyril Teskey, Raymond Cook, Wm. Ewener, Gordon Maittlingly, Wilfred Hand, Bruce Maitland, Gleed Workman, Leslie Ewenier, Logan Millman, Frank Burwell, and St. Clair Parsons. Although Edgar Kellam was playing on the firsts he was not awarded a medal in spite of the fact that he deserved one, as only nineteen medals are awarded by the Wossa.

In winning the championship the school played eight games winning six of them. The results were Petrolia 17-3, Windsor 15-5, Galt 23-17, St. Thomas 18-12. They lost out in the Interscholastic final to Hamilton at London after a hard game. Ross Gray and "Son" Jennings de-

serve a great deal of credit for the unselfish manner in which they gave their time and experience to the coaching of the team and it was greatly due to their fine coaching that we were able to bring the Wossa championship to our school.

The "Observer" had the following comment to make after the St. Thomas game there:—"Sarnia has good reason to be proud of her two rugby teams. They brought two championships to the city in the games finished on Saturday, Intermediate and Wossa. These teams are to go after still higher honours this week, but whatever fate has in store for them in the future battles nothing can dim the creditable record already achieved. The quality of performance and sportsmanship on and off the field is a conspicuous characteristic of the organizations that have carried the Sarnia colours to victory this season. It has meant much to the prestige of Sarnia in athletic circles, and every citizen should feel proud of the winners."

Summary

Of the eight games played by the Senior team in the W.O.S.S.A. series they have won six games, tied one and lost one. They rolled up a total of 73 points against 37 scored by their opponents.

THE SECOND TEAM

This year our junior rugby team was entered in the Junior Wossa series and although they did not get very far they made a very creditable showing. Many of last year's players were drafted to fill the gaps in the senior team, but the seconds managed to produce a powerful squad. Much credit is due the seconds for the fine support they gave the senior team both in practice and at the games themselves. Cecil Banwell was elected captain of the team and Bill Southern manager. The seconds were grouped with London, the winner to meet the

Windsor-Walkerville Technical team.

S.C.I and T.S. II. 34—London 0 October 11th.

The Sarnia Juniors travelled to London for their opening engagement and knocked London's thoughts of championship sky-high, when they swamped them 34-0. The first period ended 10-0 and at half time stood at 17-0. Sarnia was the better team in every department. At three quarter time the score stood 23-0 and in the last a touch by Strain, converted by South-



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Alex Hayes, Mr. Keeber, James Armstrong, Mr. Campbell, Hubert Potter, Middle Row (left to right)—Dwight Simmons, Gordon Patterson, Doc Strain, Isard Lucas, Ralph Heal, Isaac Lampel
Front Row (left to right)—"Red" Frayne, Alvin Earl, Jack Holton, Cecil Banwell, Lorne Robinson, George Crandon, William Southern.

ern and another on abuch brought the score 34-0. Strain made a beautiful sixty yard run for Sarnia.

S.C.I. and T.S. II. 29—London 0
October 18th.

Showing the result of a week's practice and superiority over London in every department of the game the Collegiate Juniors had no trouble in setting them back here by 29-0, winning the round by 63 points and qualifying to meet Windsor-Walkerville Technical team in the next round. London's team was strengthened for the game and was a smoother working one than on the previous Saturday. For London, Wong, the Chinese flash, and Heard were the best. The running of Holton, Strain and Potter for the S.C.I.

and T.S. was oustanding as was the excellent kicking displayed by Banwell. "Ike" Lampel gained ground consistently by plunges. Potter made a 75 yard sprint for one of Sarnia's touches.

The S.C.I. and T.S. was leading by 5-0 at the end of the first and during the second Lampel went over for a touch which was converted by Strain. Potter added five more points in the third and Sarnia ran loose in the fourth chapter bringing the score to 29-0. The game was clean throughout, no penalties being awarded.

S.C.I. and T.S. II. 4—Windsor-Walkerville 10
November 3rd.
The Windsor-Walkerville team

offered to play a sudden death game in Sarnia and the juniors took them up. It was a hard-fought game and a hard one for Sarnia to lose. The Collegiate's passing was away off colour and fumbles were responsible for the loss. Windsor-Walkerville had a well-balanced team which took advantage of every mistake Sarnia made. Jacquemain and Garrison were their stars. Potter

kicked a field goal for Sarnia netting 3 points. In the second period Jacquemain netted a touch which he converted and then booted to the deadline for another point shortly after. Sarnia played a splendid, although a losing game, which was watched by one of the largest crowds to see a junior game in this city. Fickley of Hamilton and Cowan of Stratford handled the game.

SENIOR HOCKEY

The hockey season got under way to an early start when, on December 1st a meeting was held in the Study Room at which it was decided to place both a junior and senior team in the W.O.S.S.A. race. The senior team was very fortunate in securing Lyle LeSueur, an old hockey star, to coach them and they take this opportunity of thanking Mr. LeSueur for his unselfish services. Hockey as usual was poorly supported by the students as a whole but despite difficulties one of the best teams to sport the blue and white sweaters was turned out this year. When this was written they had played only two games, eliminating Forest by 10-3 and were in the semi-finals.

S.C.I. 3—Old Boys 2

The first appearance of the team was on the second of January when they rang up their first win of the season at the expense of the Old Boys by a 3-2 count in ten minutes overtime. Neither team had combination and injuries were plentiful though not serious.

Referee:—O. N. Wilson.

S.C.I. 5—Forest 2

After putting it off and on again for three weeks the S.C.I. seniors travelled to Forest and trimmed their seniors by a 5-2 count in a fairly fast game before a small crowd. The S.C.I. worked better together, shot better, and it was only some sensational work by Burke for Forest which kept the

score where it was. Alpaugh, Roche and Todd were the pick of the losers and Manore was the most outstanding player for the S.C.I. Eddie Robinson handled the game.

S.C.I. 5—Forest 1

In the return game here one week later the S.C.I. captured the district championship by virtue of their win over Forest by 5-1 in a game which showed more disciplined hockey than any S.C.I. team ever boasted of. Four of the five goals Sarnia scored were on combination play. Alpaugh and Doolittle turned in splendid games for Forest as did Roche at centre. Brodie was a hundred per cent. better than at the start of the season. The S.C.I. has a team this year which should go a long way in the hockey race if they function as well for the remainder of the season as at the beginning.

Macklin went on a scoring rampage in the first, netting three goals in nine minutes. Burke, in the nets for Forest certainly turned in a wonderful game and none of the goals that went in could be laid to poor net-minding. There was no score in the second but Manore and Macklin slip in two in the third. Bill McCart of Sarnia refereed.

S.C.I.—Goal, Southern; Defence, Manore, Brodie; Centre, Brown; Wings, Teskey, Macklin; Subs., Maitland, Wadland.

Forest—Goal, Burke; Defence, Doolittle, Richardson; Centre, Roche; Wings, Alpaugh, Todd; Subs., Middleton, Owen, Prout.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Sitting (left to right)—Douglas Macklin, Mr. LeScur, Roy Brown, Mr. Campbell, William Southern.
Standing (left to right)—Burton Wadland, Ralph Brodie, Bruce Maitland, John Manore, Ted Teskey.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

This year a new factor was introduced into the curriculum of school sports when a junior hockey team was formed and entered in the Junior W.O.S.S.A. Hockey series. The Luncheon Club of the city decided to put two open air rinks on the campus and good ice accomodation was provided for hockey practice while it lasted. The Sarnia juniors were grouped with Petrolia and although they did not win the championship they went a considerable distance in the series before they were eliminated by London Central. Gordon Storey, better known perhaps as "Ding" Storey was secured to coach the team and his excellent tutorship made them a powerful aggregation. The team take this op-

portunity of thanking "Ding" for his services with them.

S.C.I. 3—Petrolia 1, January 17th S.C.I. 2—Petrolia 1, January 21st

The Sarnia Juniors won the right to go against Exeter by virtue of their victory over Petrolia here 3-1 and 2-1 there. Petrolia had the advantage of play both here and at home but the individual boring-in tactics of the blue and white were having their effect on the scoring. The Hard Oils started the scoring in both games but could not hold their lead. Lampel, who was unearthed by the Sarnia Juvenile Lacrosse team last summer saved the S.C.I. team a number of times when Petrolia threatened to trim them in



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Sitting (left to right)—Junior Couse, "Ding" Storey (coach), Isaac Lampel, Mr. Campbell, Gordon Patterson.

Standing (left to right)—Clifford Lannin, William Twaites, Roy Kennedy, Jack Holton, Alex Hayes.

the second game. Wilson and Bryant starred for the Hard Oils in both games.

S.C.I. 2—Exeter 1, January 24th

S.C.I. 4—Exeter 3, January 31st

With one point to work on the S.C.I. proved that their first victory over Exeter was no flash of luck when they gave the fans of that village one of the biggest surprises of the season and incidentally won the district title by 6-4 in two games played. Exeter's weight did not bother the S.C.I. youngsters much, the playing of Patterson and Couse plus some energetic checking by Twaits, Hayes and Kennedy keeping the Collegians in the running all through. The result of the series was a surprise to everyone as the one point lead secured in the first game did not appear to be enough

to go very far on. Lampel's work in the nets was a feature of both games.

S.C.I. 5—London 3, February 14th

S.C.I. 0—London 3, February 20th

The S.C.I. proved a little too much for London Central when they turned them back 5-3 at St. Andrew's Arena on Saturday, February 14th but their hopes of winning the Junior W.O.S.S.A. championship were killed when they lost the return game to London by 3-0 and the round by one point on the following Friday. This game was the one and only defeat of the season for the juniors and the fact that they lost out by only one point made it all the harder to lose. Patterson, Hayes and Lannin starred for the locals in both games. Wong, Jacques and Lauder the Junior O.H.A.

player were the high lights for London and it was Lauder who sent Sarnia's hopes flying when, with

two minutes to go he sent a sizzler past Lampel in the last game at London.

BASKETBALL

Immediately at the close of the rugby season basketball authorities began to prepare for the coming season with practices before Christmas. Mr. Keeber took over the girls this year and "Son" Jennings was secured to coach the boys' team. At the start of the season it was seen that we would have a strong aggregation with Kennedy, Millman, Hallam, Parsons and Carter of last year's team still here. Added to these were two newcomers VanHorne and Morris who certainly proved to be finds. It was not because the S.C.I. had a poor team that they lost out to London Central but rather because two of the best men were sick and Parsons who played a forward position all season had to be dropped back to guard. It is to be hoped that next year illness will not interfere with the team as it did this season. Ray Bouslog of Port Huron, who handled the Port Huron-Sarnia game there, also refereed the London game here and went over big with the Sarnia team and fans.

S.C.I. 33—Port Huron 6

For the last few years back the S.C.I. and Port Huron High have played a series of exhibition games. Therefore, on Friday, January 16th "Son" Jennings' squad took on the Port Huron High at Sarnia for the opening game, in which the Collegians scampered all over the floor with them and won by a 33-6 count. Although outscored from the start the Port Huron lads stuck to their guns and were battling as hard at the last as the beginning. For the S.C.I. Kennedy who was supposed to be playing guard netted 13 points. Hallam added nine more while Carter bagged five. Morris and Parsons scored the remaining counters. Lindsay scored four of the six points

Port Huron got, Steinborn bagging the other. The half time score was 18-3 for the S.C.I.

S.C.I. 35—Strathroy 10

The S.C.I. athletes took a commanding lead of the district W.O. S.S.A. title when they trimmed Strathroy there in a fairly fast game by a 35-10 count on January 23rd. The Collegiate took the lead at the start and were never headed. Handicapped by the small floor the S.C.I. could not get their combination to work. Hallam lead the scoring with 20 points, Kennedy running him second with 13. Parsons and Morris combined well but had no luck in scoring. VanHorne, Maitland and Millman were strong on the defence. The Strathroy team this year is a green one but they have good prospects for next year.

S.C.I. 21—Port Huron 24

The Collegians dropped their first game of the season to Port Huron there on Friday, Feb. 7th by a 24-21 score. Sarnia took the lead in the first and held it until the last when Port Huron forged ahead. Lindsay, Clark and Steinborn were the best for Port Huron while Hallam and VanHorne turned in good games for the S.C.I. Kennedy was away off his form and could not locate the basket. The S.C.I. combination was better than in the game at Sarnia but their shooting was the worst exhibition put up this year. The game drew a good crowd of which a large percentage were from the Sarnia school.

S.C.I. 36—Strathroy 16

In the return game at Sarnia the team easily showed their superiority over Strathroy by trimming them 36-16 and winning the round 69-26. Despite the fact that they



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right—"Son" Jennings (Coach), Howard Carter, Clare Gates, Logan Millman, Harold Van Horn, Cecil Morris, St. Clair Parsons, Ted Kennedy, Lloyd Hallam.

won, their teamwork and shooting was away below par and it was only during the lapses when they did work together that they showed some brilliant basketball. The S.C.I. quint were trying too many long shots and were not working in on their basket enough. Brady for Strathroy who scored 12 of their 16 points shot most of his from near centre and was having more luck here than close in.

Kennedy topped the scoring for both teams but even he was away off his game. Morris, the newcomer to the team turned in a good game and netted 4 points. The game, although not spectacular was clean, only three personals being handed out.

S.C.I. 15—London Central 23

Sarnia now qualified to meet Lon-

don Central in the semi-finals and went there for the opening game on February 23rd. While they were getting used to the floor, London paraded in enough baskets to win the game in spite of the great rally staged by the S.C.I. in the last frame. London had the strongest team the locals have stacked up against and at quarter time the score stood 15-7 for London. Each team scored five points on free shots. The guarding was strenuous and the forwards of both teams experienced great difficulty in working in on the basket.

Cook was London's best, netting 12 points. Hallam of Sarnia came next with 7 points, one more than Barbour of London netted. Van Horne turned in his best game of the season but Kennedy was off in his shooting and sensational rushing.

S.C.I. 25—London Central 27

The S.C.I. team was badly crippled for the return engagement with "Ted" Kennedy and "Loge" Millman out of it and were forced to take the short end of a 27-25 score, losing the round by 50-40.

Logan and Barbour were the flashiest players London trotted out and Morris and VanHorne, the two newcomers to the team turned in wonderful games. Hallam was perhaps, the most effective player the S.C.I. had. London started out strong but Sarnia spurted in the second outscoring them 8-6 while in the last half they bagged 17 points to the 13 London tallied. The game drew a capacity crowd and was handled in great shape by Ray Bouslog of Port Huron.

Summary

Out of 4 games played the S.C.I. won 2 and lost 2. In the four games they scored a total of 111 points and had 76 counted against them. These games take in only those played in the Wossa series.

- S. C. I. 35—Strathroy 10.
- S. C. I. 36—Strathroy 16.
- S. C. I. 15—London Centrals 23.
- S. C. I. 25—London Centrals 27.
- S. C. I. 33—Port Huron 6.
- S. C. I. 21—Port Huron 24.

The Team: Morris, Parsons, Hallam, forwards; Carter, Maitland, centre; Kennedy, VanHorne, Millman, Mattingly, Gates, guards.

THE W.O.S.S.A. TRACK TEAM

On Saturday, May 17th, 1924, the fifth annual track meet of the W.O.S.S.A. was held at Queen's Park, London, before a rather small crowd. The poorly conditioned S. C. I. team was outclassed in the senior and intermediate events and was forced to stand by and see the junior championship snatched from them when they could not field a relay team. The Sarnia Collegiate paraded their way to the top of the ladder but in the last event they fell

Inter-form Basketball League

This year a new feature was introduced into basketball by the forming of a school Basketball League. Owing to some persevering work by Mr. Keeber and George McPhail a schedule was drawn up and games commenced on Thursday, December 11th. Considerable interest has been taken in this sport and the boy's gymnasium was crowded nearly every night.

To stimulate more interest in the series a charge of 50 cents a team was made and the money was used to buy pennants for the winning quints. Each form had a team in the series. The teams were divided into two groups, the senior comprising the 3rd, 4th, and 5th years and the junior taking in the 1st and 2nd years. The junior group was divided into two sections, the first years in one and the seconds in the other. These teams were to play off at the end of the schedule.

When this was written up the fifth form team was leading in the senior series and will certainly win the championship. In the junior the winner of the first form teams will play the winner of the second forms in a week or two. Interform basketball this year has been a great success and next year will likely see it better than ever.

flat and London forged ahead to win the junior championship.

Ken. Fraser was the sensation of the meet. The S.C.I. was not banking on the juniors to do very much and his spectacular work of winning the junior individual championship when least expected was the feature of the meet. He received a first in one event and came second in all the others. In the shot put he received a first with a distance of 29 feet, 7 inches.

Kennedy was the only senior to



KEN. FRASER
Junior Individual Champion.

place in the events but he had practically no training. Poor weather conditions, with a gale blowing in the faces of the runners kept the attendance down. The S.C.I. sup-

CONDITION THE MOST

(By Gerald H. McVean)

Every athlete knows that the most vital asset in all sports is physical condition. Without it even the best athletes are held back. They are always outclassed by their equals who are in perfect condition. Some games require better condition than others; for instance Hockey, Rugby and Basketball need far better condition than Baseball and less strenuous games.

Many things are necessary to bring about a good physical condition such as sleep, diet and exercise; probably the most important of these is sleep. Regular hours with lots of sleep are the first hard and fast requisites for athletes. Many experts are against set rules and regulations for training because no

porters were few and far between and their rooting was a minus quantity. In other years it has been the Collegiate who did most of the rooting and who forced the other schools to keep up their reputation. Douglas Westman of London Central broke the only record of the meet in the 12 pound shot put, beating the record by 3 feet.

London took the track meet by storm, winning both Intermediate, Senior and Junior Championships. The S.C.I. was the runner-up in the junior with 17 points against the 21 London Central got. In the junior events Ken. Fraser came second in the high jump, .75 yard dash, running broad jump and stood first in the shot put.

Although the S.C.I. did not win any of the trophies they lost a couple of years ago, they are banking on bringing home at least two of them next year. With Ken. Fraser and Patterson in the junior events we are almost certain of the junior championship. The team did not get the necessary training last year but this spring will see an altogether different team go to London if advance expectations are any criteria.

IMPORTANT FACTOR

two athletes have the same characteristics and temperament; each one has to be trained in a different manner, but they all agree that the man who desires physical perfection must get a lot of sleep.

Probably the next most important factor is diet. Meals should be taken at regular hours and nothing between meals except apples and fruit. The hour for breakfast is a much discussed question among trainers. Walter Camp, America's foremost authority, favours very early breakfast. Tilden the world's tennis champion, states that breakfast should be taken any time before nine-thirty a.m. On the question of what to eat Ellery Clark, former all round athlete champion of the U.S., says to eat anything that



BOYS' LIFE SAVING TEAM

Top Row (left to right)—Burton Wadland, Jack Boylan, Edgar Kellam, Dwight Simmons, George Harris, Stanley Ferguson, Robert Richardson.
Sitting (left to right)—Samuel Ivinson, Vincent Norwood, Major Laugher, Harry Payne, Gordon Lawson.

Front Row (left to right)—Norman Stevenson, Owen Walker, Donald Barr, Earl Leckie.

tastes good barring fatty and indigestible foods.

Next comes the all important question of exercise. Boys who are in training for some competition usually have their heart in their work and often do too much work instead of not enough and then they become stale. This state of staleness is not to be overcome in a short time but usually requires a lay-off of probably two or three weeks before the athlete regains his former spring and quickness. The best method for reducing flesh and developing wind is long runs in the open air but for such games as Hockey and Basketball this is practically impossible for climatic and other reasons and other means have to be adopted. The athlete is warned against extensive training immed-

iately before any events in which he is to participate. A week or at least three or four days before any big event the training should be tapered off and rest and quiet are advised for the last day or two. Then when he goes to the starting line or the field he has lots of energy in reserve.

It is needless to say that athletes must have absolutely nothing to do with alcohol or tobacco in any form. Alcohol tends to shorten the wind and effect the eyesight. Tobacco shortens the wind and also has its affect on the eyesight. If the average person does not eat too many fatty foods, gets regular hours of sleep and takes a good brisk walk every day he will not be far from physical fitness at any time in life.



SOKE'S

HEAR YE! !

All names used in this department were selected at random from the monthly police report. If, by any trick of fate, they should coincide with those of any of our readers, don't blame us!

FAMOUS PAINTINGS

- "Dance of the Nymphs" (Corot) Tom McKay and Leonard Bryant.
- "Baby Stuart" (Van Dyke) Stuart.
- "Angel with Drum" (Fra Angelico) Fergus Allaire.
- "Haymakers Resting" (Delobbe) Ralph Heal and Will Scott.
- "The Order of Release" (Millais) Four o'clock bell.
- "The Parson's Daughter" (Garland) Gwen McKay.
- "The Farmer's Daughter" (Orchardson) Marion Wellington.
- "Innocence" (Greuze) Mary Chambers.
- "The Mill" (Ruysdael) S. C. I. & T. S.
- "The Gleaners" (Millet) Jack Holton, Tom McKay and Jude Warwick raiding the kitchen during the basketball game with Port Huron.
- "The Vale of Rest" (Millais) The Engine Room.
- "The Reckoning" (Morland) Confidential Reports.
- "Returning to the Fold" (Davis) Jude Warwick.
- "Welcomme Tidings" (Leighton) The holiday given us by Premier Ferguson.
- "The Three Fates" (Pathenon Pediment) D.A.C., D.M.G., W.A.D.
- "Dignity and Impudence" (Landseer) Miss Jones and Ted Cobban.
- "Blue Boy" (Gainsborough) Fred Whitcombe after Lucy Decker went back to Syracuse.

* * * *

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"What are you?"

Prisoner—"Dock-laborer your worship."

Constable (Indignantly)—"Why he's scarcely ever out of prison, your worship."

Prisoner—"Well I'm always sentenced to 'ard labour at the dock, so if I ain't a dock labourer, what am I?"

* * * *

The newly-appointed superintendent of a lunatic asylum was stroll-

ing about the grounds one day when an inmate stopped him and said, "We all like you better than the last one, Sir." "Thank you," said the new official pleasantly, "and may I ask why?"

"Well sir," replied the lunatic, "you see you seem more like one of us."

* * * *

"Well," said a diner in the "Dominion" as he courageously attacked a particularly tough steak, "I have heard of the wooden horse and the golden calf and now I seem to have encountered the Indian-rubber cow."

* * * *

Millman—"Warwick seems to have no thought except for his clothes."

VanHorne—"Yes, he is perfectly wrapped up in them."

* * * *

Madame! Can I sell you a vacuum cleaner.

Housewife—"No, thank you we have no vacuum in our house that needs cleaning."

* * * *

R. Heal—"Some dogs have more intelligence than their masters."

R. Bond—"Ah, that they have, I've got one like that myself."

* * * *

Teskey—"She asked me what I thought of you."

Gleed—"She did?"

Ted—"Yes, but don't get frightened. I didn't tell her."

* * * *

Street Car Conductor (gruffly)—"Did I get your fare?"

Wif. Hand (meekly)—"I gave it to you but I don't know whether you or the Company got it."

* * * *

M. McCormick—"Don't you think Parsons is a lazy fellow?"

G. McKay—"Not exactly lazy; but he seems to think it is unhealthy to work between meals."

* * * *

A pompous politician was aboard ship on the way to take over the governorship of a colony. One day on deck an innocent looking passenger came up and said, "Would you mind telling me what, "K.C.M.G." means at the end of your name?" "Governor," "Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, of course," he said as he inflated his chest. "Oh," said the innocent one, "I thought it meant, "Kindly call me Governor."

* * * *

"Do you think poultry-keeping pays?"

Mr. Lampel—"Well I think it pays my boy, Ike."

"How's that?"

Mr. Lampel—"Well you see, I bought him the hens, I have to pay for their feed, and buy the eggs from him, and he eats them."

* * * *

1st FORM HOWLERS

1. The Black Prince was Surajah Dowlah.
2. Muses were often seen at funerals in the olden days.
3. A Job's comforter is a thing to give the baby the patience of Job.
4. Franchise is a kind of cotton imported in bales.
5. A synonym is a word you can use when you can't spell the word first thought of.
6. Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't mean to.
7. After twice committing suicide, Cooper in 1800 died a natural death.
8. Milton wrote "Sampson and Agnostic."
9. When you put your finger in the fire a little thing called a "sensory"

- runs up inside of you to your brain which sends its little motor down to pull away your finger.
10. The imperfect tense is used in French to express a future action in past time which does not take place at all.
 11. John Bull is the Patron Saint of England.
 12. The minister of War is the minister who preaches to the soldiers in the barracks.
 13. The mineral wealth of a country is ginger ale and lemonade.
- * * *

A TRAGIC TALE

The night was dark, black o'ercast
 The lowering sky ;
 Beneath the wall, two creeping forms
 Stole silent by.
 Suddenly from out the darkened lane
 Flashed a flying form
 But quicker still the villains leaped
 And well protected by the storm
 Bore to the earth their helpless prey.
 Then swift as the savage panther
 To his lonely lair,
 They hastened to their secret den
 The victim to prepare.
 Her senses fled, soon all was dark ;
 And then with cruel hand
 With instruments sharp, and hardened hearts
 That unrelentless band
 Performed a dark and ghastly deed.
 But never fear my timid friend
 With trembling knee ;
 That murder was done in that lonely place
 As you shall see ;
 That what at first may seem an act
 Proceeding from a mind bereft
 In truth is a tale of the Zoology class
 From our noble Upper Fifth
 Dissecting a maimed and innocent cat.

—“NIX” V.

* * * *

Kellam—"What's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Callum—"That's easy, a centipede with chilblains."

* * * *

Cohen and Levy were in business together and while travelling out west, Levy took sick and died. The undertaker wired Cohen. "Levy died, can embalm him for fifty dollars or freeze him for twenty-five."

Cohen wired back, "Freeze him from the knees up for fifteen dollars, His legs were frost bitten last winter."

* * * *

"Income tax," grumbled the carpet as dad got busy with his hammer.

* * * *

Infant Son—"Did you hear the step-ladder fall, mamma?"

Mother—"Yes." "I hope father didn't fall."

Son—"He hasn't yet, he's hanging to the picture molding."

* * * *

Lampel—"Gosh, I'm embarrassed. I gotta patch on the seat of my trousers."

Heal—"Don't let that bother you. Think how you would feel if the patch wasn't there."

Is he dumb?

Dumb? Why he's so dumb that he wears gloves when he plays the piano so he won't wake the baby.

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Who's the president of Mexico?"

Brodie—"Don't know, haven't read the morning papers."

* * * *

Lannin—"They say the heat in Egypt is intense."

Twaites—"Yes, I've noticed it warm at circuses, too."

* * * *

"Are you there?"

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What's your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yeh, what's your name?"

"My name is John Watt."

"John what?"

"Yes."

"I'll be around to see you this afternoon."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No."

"Will you tell me your name then?"

"Will Knott."

"Why not?"

"Not what?"

(Brrr, clank, clash, Ohhhh Stars.)

* * * *

I. Patterson—"I'd like to buy that hat in the window."

H. Reeves—"That's not necessary: They'll sell it to you over the counter."

* * * *

Grand Goblin—"Order there, order."

Inebriated Klansman—"I'll take beer and a ham sandwich."

* * * *

"My heart is in the ocean," cried the pot.

"You've got me beat," said the seasick friend, as he leaned over the rail.

* * * *

Hubby—"Shall I have your lunch brought up on deck, dear?"

Seasick Wifey—"No darling, just have them throw it overboard. It will save time."

* * * *

He (a law student)—"A corner has a lot of power."

She (the sweet young thing)—"Oh, do you think so, I prefer a Chrysler."

* * * *

Two negroes Sam and Rastus thought their boss was keeping them past quitting time so they decided to buy a watch together. Sam was to be timekeeper, neither negro, however could tell time, but they were too proud to let each other know of this fact. The next afternoon Rastus said to Sam, "Say niggah wat time am it?" Sam pulled out the watch and thrusting it into Rastus face said, "Dere it am." Rastus looked at the watch doubtfully, scratched his head, and said, "darned if it ain't."

* * * *

Walsh (in Geom. exam.)—"How far are you from the right answer?"

Crandon—"Two seats."

* * * *

Dumb—"How did Abie the pawnbroker's son get his letter?"

Dorah—"In hockey, I suppose."

Bond—"Guess what your roommate said about you the other day."

McVean—"I haven't the slightest idea."

Russel—"Oh, so he told you too?"

* * * *

Mrs. Urquhart—"That's the third time you have looked at Miss Archer's papers."

Whitcombe—"Yes ma'am, she doesn't write very plainly."

* * * *

Hand—"What do they call potatoes in Sweden?"

Keeber—"They don't call them, they dig them."

* * * *

They met on the bridge at midnight.

They'll never meet again.

She was an eastbound heifer,

And he was a westbound train.

* * * *

Pat—"You might get a job at the Model laundry."

Mike—"Begorrah Pat, but I ain't ever washed any models."

* * * *

Inquisitive Pollard (to Lampel)—"Say, what does your mother feed you on?"

Ike (tired of being razzed)—"A table."

* * * *

Miss Ferguson—"Harris, give me a sentence containing the word co-incide."

Sheik—"As I was standing outside the theatre a man came along and said,"

"Here's a nickel l'il boy. Now you can go inside."

* * * *

"What's Sambo doin' now?"

"Ain't you heard?" He's African dodger at the county fair."

"Dat man sure has a head for business."

* * * *

Mash—"That girl sure is sophisticated."

Hash—"What happened, did she start her car in the garage or did she leave the gas on in her room?"

* * * *

Blue Blood—"Do you know father has never spoken a hasty word to mother."

Not So Blue—"How is that?"

Blue Blood—"He stutters."

* * * *

Ollie—"It says here, that Gleed Workman is seriously ill in the hospital."

Fran—"Why haven't you heard? He was attacked by a moth while brushing his dress suit."

* * * *

M. Chambers—"Can you drive with one hand?"

Freddy W. (excitedly)—"Sure."

Mary—"Then pick up my glove."

* * * *

A Hint for the Thin

Jump out of the attic window and you'll come down plump.

* * * *

Son—"By the way dad I'm engaged."

Dad—"How long have you known her?"

Son—"Two day."

Father—"What folly."

Son—"Ziegfield's."

* * * *

Santa—"Is your engagement a secret?"

Clauz—"No, the girl knows it."

Tom— I like to be alone with my thoughts.”

Frances—“Don’t you get lonesome sometimes?”

* * * *

Business Man—“I don’t know whether this letter is from my tailor or my lawyer.”

Stenog.—“Why?”

Business Man—“It reads: I have your suit ready for trying on Wednesday.”

* * * *

Long skirts are on the wane in Paris, but they’re mostly on the bow-legged in America.

* * * *

“We are in a pickle!” said a man in a crowd.

“A regular jam!” inurred another.

“Heaven preserve us!” exclaimed an old lady.

* * * *

Let 1 Boy equal X.

Let 1 Girl equal Y.

Let 1 Chaperon equal Z.

Then X plus Y plus Z equals Misery!

And X plus Y minus Z equals Oh Boy!

* * * *

In the Machine Shop

Mr. Greenleaf—“Simpson, will you carry that box into the next room?”

Pupil (trying to lift a heavy box of machine parts)—“My name is Simpson, sir, not Samson.”

* * * *

Mr. Fielding (in Economics period)—“What is chicory?”

C. Sole—“Why, cracked bird seed.”

* * * *

Chemistry Teacher—“Class name me three articles containing Starch.”

Freshie—“Two cuffs and a collar.”

* * * *

Mr. Fielding (in Detention Room)—“Hargrove, you will have to get some work to do.”

Hargrove—“Will I have time?”

Mr. Fielding—“Yes.”

(Hargrove returning two minutes before detention got out)

Mr. Fielding—“Where have you been?”

Hargrove—“I had to go home to get my locker key to unlock my locker so I could get my Latin Book.”

* * * *

Teachers’ By-words

Mr. Fielding—Vertical line in the margin.

Miss Burris—“That’s that.”

Mr. Andrews—Detention after four.

Miss Cruickshank—Where were you last period, class?

Miss Ferguson—That expression is true.

Miss Jones—What page?

Mr. Dent—What have you got there last?

* * * *

1st Pupil—“How do you know Mr. Asbury is a good poker player?”

2nd Pupil—“Why don’t you remember how he stood on the deck (in “H.M.S. Pinafore”)?

* * * *

There is a fellow in the S. C. I. that wears his girl’s picture in his watch case because he thinks he’ll love her in time.

A Campus Calamity

"Ikie" and Guilfoyle both after the ball
 "Ikie," with pressure on Guilfoyle, did fall;
 Neither help from "First Aid" nor other strong men,
 Could piece poor Guilfoyle together again.
 * * * *

Miss Cruickshank (asking the meaning of dilemma).

Isabel Bedard—"Er---er---isn't it a disease?"
 * * * *

THE LAST FAREWELL

She laid the still, white form beside
 Those which had gone before; no sob,
 No sigh forced its way from her heart,
 Throbbing as though it would break.
 Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place,
 —One single heartrending shriek,
 Then silence, another cry, more silence
 But for a guttural murmur which seemed
 To well up from her very soul.
 She turned and left the place.
 She would lay another egg tomorrow.

—Nix.

* * * *

He—"I want you to know that I'm a self-made man."

She—"Who interrupted you?"
 * * * *

Etta—"Did you get your new gown in time for the Hop."

Bunt—No, on time."
 * * * *

The man who counts in this world is the cashier.

* * * *

Sergeant (to colored sentry)—"If anything moves, you shoot."

Sentry—"Yas suh, an' if anything shoots ah moves."
 * * * *

Tramp—"Lady can you give me something to eat?"

Lady—"Häve you no work, my good man?"

Tramp—"Kind lady I'm an artist."

Lady—"What do you do in art?"

Tramp—"I make house to house canvasses."
 * * * *

Two Collegiate "Slickers" met on the street on day. "What's that you got in your buttonhole," asked one. "Why that's a chrysanthemum," the other replied. "It looks like a rose to me," said the other. "Nope, your wrong it's a chrysanthemum," the other stoutly maintained. "Whaddys mean," Spell it," asked the first. "K-R-I-S, by golly that is a rose," ejaculated the first boy, as he took another look at the flower on his coat.

* * * *

Sir your creditors await you without.

Without what?

Without the door.

Well give 'em that too.
 * * * *

Sambo—"Mandy, can I kiss yo'?"

Mandy—"Piggly, wiggly."

Sambo—"What yo' all mean?"

Mandy—"Help yo' self."

Hallam—"Why does the waiter look so upset?"

Carter—"Perhaps someone tipped him."

* * * *

D. French—"Have you heard the new tango song?"

M. Martin—"No, what is it?"

D. French—"Tangonna rain no mo'."

* * * *

D. Young—"Why does Gerald McVean walk up and down when he plays his clarinet?"

M. Wiley—"I guess it makes him much harder to hit."

* * * *

Hostess—"It looks like a storm, better stay to dinner."

Claud—"Thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."

* * * *

Loge Millman—"How did you get on in your singing act in "Zanie?"

Funny Vanhorse—"Great, after the first verse they yelled "fine" and after the second verse they yelled "Imprisonment."

* * * *

The fellow was bothered with hair falling out. He got a remedy which read. "Keep up the fight, either you or your hair will come out on top."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Can you tell me what Socrates last words were?"

M. McCormick—"They must have been "Gosh all Hemlock."

* * * *

Senior—"Well, I certainly have worked hard for my degree."

Alumnus—"Never mind. You probably won't have to work for a long time after you get it."

* * * *

She—"What did she say when you kissed her?"

He—"Not a word. What do you think she is, a ventriloquist?"

* * * *

Tommy—"Girls are prettier than ever."

Sylvia—"Naturally."

Tommy—"No—artificially."

* * * *

Haze—"Did you ever sit in the moonlight?"

El—"Yes!" Once when I missed the bow of a canoe."

* * * *

Joe—"Ed is an accompanist by instinct."

Charlie—"Howzat?"

Joe—"He can't refrain from sipping his soup while grace is said."

* * * *

He—"Why is a crow?"

She—"Caws."

* * * *

Out on the adamant campus
The "firsts" and "seconds" clashed,
Kicking, gouging, snarling, biting,
As body 'gainst body crashed.
With visions of soothing warm water
They grimly stood and fought,
Only to hear on entering the showers
"The freshies took the hot."

Up and down the basketball court
The perspiring athletes tore,

Tongues hanging out and feet burning up,
Wishing that practice were o'er.
Their thoughts were of soothing warm water
As "Ted" made a difficult shot
Only to hear on entering the showers
"The freshies took the hot."

Out on the ice at the rear of the school
The hockey stars did rush
With breath coming short and shins cut up
Till every cheek was flush.
Trying to work up a sweat, were they
But their efforts went for nought.
For, they too, on entering the showers, did hear
"The freshies took the hot."

Perhaps in the near-by future
These fellows will hold a session
Where, armed with staves and baseball bats,
They will teach the freshies a lesson.
It is my one life-long ambition
And I hope it will be my lot,
To be around to help them, when
They give the freshies the "hot."

—“Dunc 5.

“Don't cross the bridge until it's finished.”

McKay—"Gosh you're dumb." "Why don't you get an encyclopedia?"
Holton—"The pedals hurt my feet."

Caveman Sr.—"Stop throwing those snow balls at your aunt."
Caveman Jr.—"But father the snow has covered up all the rocks."

Thrills

A tall dark person with all the earmarks of a plainclothes man stepped into the subway car. His face was severely stern, his jaw indicative of grim determination, and his shrewd gray eyes stared searchingly at the young man who sat opposite. The latter squirmed uneasily in his seat, shifted his gaze, and readjusted his newspaper. The gray eyes never faltered. The young man gazed furtively towards the door. Feverishly he rose to start for the exit. A hand fell on his shoulder. A quiet voice said, "Pardon me, but your left shoe is untied."

Acton—"Why does that tramp have all of his belongings tied to the end of a stick?"

Smith—"I suppose he has lost his grip."

Gerald was lunching with his mother at a neighbour's. "Will you have pie or ice cream, Gerald?"

Jerry—"Neither thank you, I'll have an à la mode."

News Item (from lunch room window)—"Don't laugh at our coffee, you may be old and weak yourself some day."

"All I need is a golf stick," said the convict as he gazed at the ball on the links.

He—"This is a beautiful place." "Have you lived here all your life?"
 She—"Not yet."

* * * *

So they called the red rims around his eyes the Scotch Border.

* * * *

What everyone wants to know More.

* * * *

Irish—"My dog took first prize at the cat show."

Clarry—"How is that?"

Irish—"He took the cat."

* * * *

A man was recently arrested for having six wives. He is now undergoing an examination for sanity.

* * * *

Ding—"What did your wife say when you got home last night?"

Dong—"She never said a word, and I was going to have those two front teeth pulled anyway."

* * * *

The parlour sofa held the twain,

Fair damsel and her lovelorn swain,

Heanshe.

But hark! a step upon the stair!

And mother finds them sitting there

He * * * * she.

I always did like doctors. They are so jolly; and they take life SO easily.

* * * *

Editor—"Where did you get this joke?"

Goof—"It just ran across my mind."

Editor—"Well you had better elevate the crossing."

* * * *

If one doesn't eat for seven days

It makes one week.

* * * *

Roses are red

LePages are glue.

If you think you're the berries,

Then I'm the cat's mew.

* * * *

Stewart to Nethery—"How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Nether—"I began by addressing envelopes."

* * * *

Around the halls of S. C. I.

Doth rumor run

That Latin Syntax X and Y

Spoil all the fun.

And study period what a joy

If never more

Bewildering Algebra would annoy

Or history bore.

Our minds roam, by the will of fate

To gym or rink

And how is one to concentrate

On pen and ink.

Matches—"You're always so waxy, my friend."

Candlestick—"Well, it's always you who makes me flare up."

* * * *

Warwick—"I say, old chap, do you use a safety razor?"

Allaire—"Well, you may call it so, as I haven't used it for two years."

* * * *

Twaites (in grocery store)—"How much are your eggs?"

Clerk—"Good ones forty cents, cracked ones 25 cents a dozen."

Bill—"Well, crack me two dozen."

* * * *

Bruce M.—"I'm not going to the party if Pollard's there."

Parsons—"How much do you owe him?"

* * * *

Miss Brown—"Name one thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago."

D. Young—"Me."

* * * *

An American tourist went into an English restaurant with two little girls, ordered a bottle of mineral water and three plates and began to eat sandwiches which he had brought with him in his pockets. The manager overcome by his outrage approached him and said, "I should like to inform you that this is not a"

"Who are you?" interrupted the American.

"I am the manager," was the reply.

"Oh you are, that is good. I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the orchestra playing?"

* * * *

Rhodes—"Have you found Clarry to be a friend in need?"

Bryant—"Yes, he appears to be in need all the time."

* * * *

Mrs. Allaire—Fergus, is the clock going?"

Ferg.—"No mama, it is just standing still and wagging its tail."

* * * *

Bruce Dalziel—"What is the luckiest day to be born on?"

Jean A.—"I can't say, I've only tried one."

* * * *

"Yes" said the quack doctor, "I have been selling this medicine for twenty-five years and have never heard a complaint. What does this prove?"

Voice from rear—"That dead men tell no tales."

* * * *

Visitor (consoling Tommy who had spilled a bottle of ink on the new carpet)

"Tut, tut, Tommy, no use crying over spilt milk."

Tommy—"Any duffer knows that. All you do is call in the cat and it will lick it up but this doesn't happen to be milk and mother will do the licking."

* * * *

Etta—"But, Bud, fancy coming in in such shabby clothes to ask papa's consent."

Bud—"Oh, that's all right. Once before I had a new suit ruined."

* * * *

"Tommy," said his mother suspiciously as her small son came downstairs, "did you take a bath?"

"No ma, I didn't," was the innocent answer, "is one missing?"

* * * *

Dentist—"Open wider please-----wider."

Patient—A---A---Ah!

Dentist (inserting rubber gag, towel and sponge)—"How's your family?"

Professoor—"Mr. Hikes, please tell the class what a hydraulic ram is."
 Mr. Hikes—"A submarine goat sir." *

Sarnia has its first radio broadcasting station. Station H.A.N.S.O.N. broadcasting from 4B every day.

Mr. Asbury—"Say, Miss Curran, if you were all here for one day I would get a shock."

* * * *

Hiram writes that the first day he was in London he lost 12 £. "Great Caesar's Ghost! Ain't they got any health laws in that town?"

* * * *

Miss Jones—"How do you translate 'Une chaine pareille?'"
 Hargrove—"A parallel dog."

* * * *

Miss Jones—"Why could you not use "de quoi" here?"
 Hargrove—"Because it's wrong."

* * * *

BEAUTY CULTURE

Perhaps the first asset to beauty is a proper carriage; either a Rolls Royce or Willys Knight will do, however, if there are still fearless pedestrians who wish to walk gracefully, they should achieve success by standing during a fifty mile ride on the Pere Marquette. If after this they are unable to walk, bow, and sit correctly, they are extremely awkward, and we fear hopeless.

The next consideration is the face, for did not the Prophet tell us, "Save the surface, and you save all?" Clay bricks applied smartly for fifteen minutes each evening will produce a "skin you hate to touch." For the rising generation we suggest baking powder, and rice powder for Chinamen. Rouge should not be applied more than twenty-three times daily, while users of lipstick might remember that, "murder will out."

To be beautiful, the hands should be washed once weekly. If "Lux" is used we guarantee they will not shrink.

Crooked teeth, if extracted will not mar the mouth.

Molasses mixed with an equal amount of tar is recommended for a shiek's hair tonic, while bobbies need only a few curling waves.

A visit to Woolworth's is suggested as an aid to exterior decorating, as there one may secure the fifty-seven varieties.

Madam I. M. Ugly reveals these astounding secrets, stating that, by adhering to these instructions any one may win the stage fame which she alone enjoys.

* * * *

Famous Books

- "Heirs Apparent" (Gibbs) 2nd Rugby Team.
- "The Dancing Star" (Bertha Ruck) Mary McIntyre.
- "The Lunatic Still at Large" (Clouston) Jude Warwick.
- "The Traveller in the Fur Cloak" (Weyman) Mary Simpson.
- "Lucky in Love" (Ruck) Etta Brown.
- "The Roughneck" (Service) G. McVean.
- "The Jam Girl" (Sterret) Miss Going.
- "The Copperhead" (Frederic) Jim Walsh.
- "Men, Maids and Mustard Pot" (Franklin) "Hot Dog Stand at School Rink."
- "The Two Dianas" (Dumas) Brown Sisters.
- "Ultimatum" (McClure) G. Harris.
- "Questionable Shapes" (Howells) Ike, Ralph, Pollard.

Famous Books

- "The Sea-Hawk" (Kennedy on Way to Cuba).
 "Travels with a Donkey" (Edna Cobban on her horse "Boomerang").
 "Kidnapped" (Mac Clarry in Commercial Department).
 "Capt'n Blood" (Wilfred Hand as is).
 "Main Street" (Outer Office at 9.10; 1.30).
 "Treasure Island" (The wrecks, Sarnia Bay).

* * * *

Personalities of Upper School

In searching shady nooks,
 Do not forget Form Five,
 Where pupils pore o'er books
 Like drones in a bee-hive.

Nichol is our speaker
 He also was M.P.
 That he will be a preacher,
 Is not so hard to see.

"Isard" tends to deafness
 Which grows at need's behest.
 In this he shows his deftness
 In peace, he, then, may rest.

"Happy" plays the fiddle
 He raves, he roams, he looks
 But can not solve the riddle
 How he may read more books.

"Ted" was dean of football.
 He is a cager too.
 When he eludes the forwards,
 A basket may ensue.

"Anna" is the leader
 In most the subjects taught.
 She works like "Old Dutch Cleanser."
 With "hundreds" she is fraught.

Lampel is the gridiron star
 Hockey lures him too.
 His red hair gleams afar.
 He is but four feet thru.

Inez frets and worries
 With troubles quite a score.
 "Weiry" promptly hurries
 To make her troubles more.

* * * *

H. H. M. 5.

LE CAPITAINE

The mate stood on the windswept deck;
 He was tall, and short, and thin;
 Whiskers he had upon his head;
 And a hat was on his chin.

He stood with eyes closed tightly,
And gazed out to the right.
And saw some land on the left hand side,
Just a little out of sight.

The sun was shining dully;
Two moons were in the sky
The birds were swimming here and there,
While the whales flew up on high.

A submarine whizzed overhead,
Whitewashed a brilliant black;
A speed cop on his motor bike
Swam swiftly on its tracks.

All this the drunken Captain dreamt,
While snoring in his bed;
You see he drank some moonshine,
And the fumes went to his head.
* * * *

Mr Grant—"What case is causa?"

Miss Mulligan—"Feminine."

Mr. Grant—"And what tense is erat?"

Miss Mulligan—"Passive."

* * * *

Mr. Asbury (exasperated by stupidity of girls in 4B geometry class)—"Say, how many of the girls here are called Dora?"
* * * *

Miss Harris—"Well, Hanson, did you find Mt. Pangeas on the map?"

Hanson—"No, somebody moved it."
* * * *

A young man who has recently assumed the managership of a popular typewriter concern in a certain city, decided to visit several of his new customers and obtain their opinion of the machine, that he might show the company just how he was succeeding.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" he asked the first customer he visited.

"It's immense!" enthusiastically replied the man. "Really I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"That's fine!" said the young man, much pleased. "Would you be willing to give me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Why, certainly I will," said the man taking a seat at the machine. "I'll do it gladly."

"After Using thee automatiq Back-action atype writyer for three emonth\$ and Over. I unhesittattingly pronounce it to be al ad even more than thee Manufacturs claim ? for it. During the time been in our possessio E. I. th ree monthz! id has more tha n paid for for it\$elf in the Saveing of time an d labrr?"

john i Smith
* * * *

"Ye Olde Mathematician."

Miss Harris—"It is said that Caesar was so strong that he swam the Tiber three times each morning before breakfast."

Walsh—"But why didn't he swim the river four times?"

Miss Harris—"Why do you ask that question?"

Jim—"Well, if he swam the creek four times he would be back on the same side as his clothes."

Mrs. Urquhart (introducing Virgil to 4A)—“Keep your appendix, you'll need it again.”

* * * *

Bruce M.—“I wouldn't throw you a rope if you were drowning.”
Ollie—“I wouldn't take it if you did.”

* * * *

Miss Ferguson (Telling the “Legend of Sleepy Hollow” to Upper School—
“The people believed that there was a riderless horseman who wandered about.”)

* * * *

The story is told of a highly bred novice who joined the Cowley Fathers at Oxford. “Having fled from the luxuries of the world he was spending his first night on the straw mattress of his cell. Being awakened by a knock at five o'clock and a mild voice crying “Benedicamus Dominum,” he replied. “Thank you, will you kindly set it down outside.”

* * * *

1st Student—“I wonder why they hung that terrible picture.”

2nd Student—“Perhaps they couldn't catch the artist.”

* * * *

FOOTBALL FROLICS

Scene—S. C. I. and T. S. Campus.

Dramatic Personnel—The Second Rugby Team. Time—4.30 o'clock.
Enter—The Second Rugby Team.

LAMPEL: Let me play right middle,
With mirth and laughter let me drop-kick
And let my play-mates rather heat with work
Than cool themselves with much “4oo.”
Why should a man whose hair is red withal
Sit like the “freshies” on the bench, and then
Sleep when they wake, and creep into their uniforms
By much persuasion? I tell thee, Banwell,
I am right, and 'tis for thee I speak.
There are a sort of men who drop-kick to
Never reach the bars, but stop within ten feet.
And, with wilful stubbornness, do thus try
To entertain opponents.

BANWELL: I am Sir Conacher, when I 'ope my lips
Let no dog bark. O! my Lampel
I do know of thee as a vile braggart.
I'll tell thee more of this another time.
Come, good Armstrong, let's away on this end run.

HEAL: Look well, dear coz, how I do snap this ball.

HOLTON: By my troth 'twas a right fair pass.

ROBINSON: Methinks we wert offside a mite.

BURLEY: Thusly am I informed and straightway
Our coach Keeber shall relate to us
The means by which we may suppress our faults.

KEEBER: Make room and let me stand before thy faces.
'Twas fair Heal that did encroach upon
Ground of yonder enemy and for this
I must withdraw ten yards from thy day's gains.

BANWELL: Thou unfeeling man,
We will not excuse thee for thy cruelty.

KEEBER: I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

- LAMPEL: Do all men punish the team they do not love?
 KEEBER: Hates any man the team he would not punish?
 HOLTON: Every offence is not to be punished at first.
 KEEBER: What! would'st have a serpent sting thee twice?
 BURLEY: Come good comrades how shall we hope
 For mercy—let's away and have a shower.
 KEEBER: There be fools alive, I wis,
 I'm amiss; and so was this.
 I will ever be your head
 So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here
 Sweet, adieu, I'll keep my oaths
 Patiently to bear my wrath.

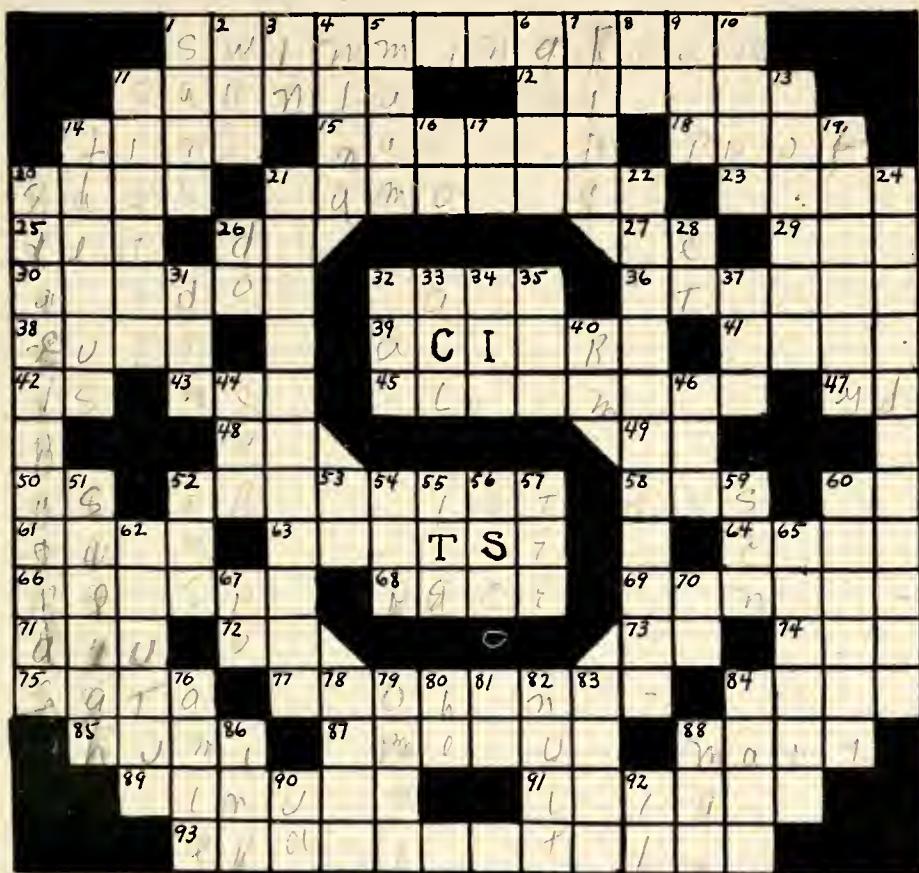
B. SOUTHERN 4A.

* * * *

WANTED

- A pillow for the bed of the ocean and a mosquito-bar for the cradle of the deep.
 A barber to shave the face of the earth.
 A dentist to work on the jaws of death and fill the teeth of the storm.
 A tailor to design divorce suits.
 A chair for the setting sun.
 Glue for the break of day.
 Some one to toot the horn of plenty and beat the drums of doom.
 A ring for the hand of fate.
 A belt for the waste of time.
 Seeds from the flower of speech.
 A support for the falling barometer.
 A pair of suspenders for the breaches of promise.
 Sea horses to feed from the trough of the sea.
 A cargo for the transports of fury.
 A brakeman for the train of thought.
 A key to the lock of her hair.
 A diamond from the mine of information.
 A pencil for the pupil in her eye.
 A ring for the finger of scorn.
 Spectacles for the eyes of love.
 A handkerchief for the wave in her hair.
 A taste of the fruits of labour or of the tree of life.
 Oil for the lamp of knowledge.
 A fan for the sparks of intelligence.
 Some one to draw the shades of night.
 A pen that will write with inky darkness.
 Sunset Dye for the fading light.
 A patch for the seat of government.
 Someone to cross the bridge of her nose.
 A feather from the wings of the morning.
 A knot for the bow of her lips.
 Flea powder for the radio bugs.
 A pie made of electrical currents.
 A pump for the wells of truth.
 A setting for literary gems.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



J.M. AIRWICK

VERTICAL

1. Without (French)
2. William, King, Emperor (abb.)
3. Preposition
4. Girl's name
5. Small boy's way of addressing teacher
6. One of our societies
7. Noise made by office bell
8. Preposition
9. Uneven
10. Calm sides
11. Soror
13. Fruit made popular by the O.T.A.
14. Sediment
16. Adverb
17. Antimony (Chem. Abb.)
19. Like mother-of-pearl
20. Where the teachers show us up
21. Act of pardoning
22. Sounds made by lips and teeth
24. Father of the school
26. Give (Latin)
28. Latin or French preposition
31. Daniel's temporary residence
32. Done before eatinng (past)
33. Amherstburg C. I. (abb.)
34. Do away with
35. A Scottish stream
37. An army officer (abb.)
40. Royal militia (abb.)
44. What a Ford isn't
46. Opposite to close
51. A winter vehicle
52. Part of the body
53. Added on
54. Latin preposition
55. Go! (Latin)
56. Solicitor before the supreme court
57. A golfing term
59. Schola nostra (abb.)
60. Uncovered
62. A shield (Latin)
65. Loss of speech due to paralysis
67. Italian river
70. Latin conj. (archaic)

(OVER)

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 76. Friend (Fr.) | 83. A period of time (Lat. gen.) |
| 78. Exclamation | 84. Dishes |
| 79. All (Latin masc. gender) | 86. Writing fluids (Am. spelling) |
| 80. Pronoun | 88. Homo |
| 81. Preposition | 90. United artisans (abb.) |
| 82. Opposed to day (Fr.) | 92. Tam, sic, si, |

HORIZONTAL

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. The part of the school to which the
drys object | 49. Doctor of Philosophy |
| 11. Urbs optima | 50. That which Miss Jones tells us to
close (Latin) |
| 12. A student in great demand | 52. An order of monks that the teachers
would like to emulate |
| 14. End, past part. (Fr.) | 58. Fifth letter of the alphabet (plu.) |
| 15. What we feel when called to the office | 60. Source of financial supply |
| 18. A university official | 61. Conjunction |
| 20. Ross Nichol tries to sing this way | 63. An African fly |
| 21. Principal | 64. Norman stone |
| 23. Ask Mr. Dennis for this one in Geo-
graphy class | 66. Recover (perf. end. Act. Latin) |
| 25. To allow | 68. Events of field day |
| 26. The same | 69. A fine variety of soap |
| 27. A preposition | 71. For a long time (Latin) |
| 29. Scruple (abb.) | 72. The "once-over" |
| 30. You've heard this country in Room
213. First letter elided | 73. Latin preposition |
| 32. A precious stone | 74. A priestly vestment |
| 36. To bind | 75. Society for Growth of the Three Arts
(abb.) |
| 38. Cover with wax | 77. Where the boys are found after four |
| 39. A bronze knife used in sacrifice by
Roman priests (Latin dative) de-
rived from "acies" | 84. A request |
| 41. Latin conjunction | 85. On the ground (Latin) |
| 42. Knight of the sword (abb.) | 87. The showers after basketball practice |
| 43. Less than a lieutenant | 88. A young person of the gentler (?)
sex |
| 45. Two words, the last of which affects
the first | 89. Blair Pardee and Dorothy Wilson
did this in "Flashlights of 1924" |
| 47. By the Grace of God | 91. Latin adj. "sensible" |
| 48. An article | 93. The great disillusioners |



Autograph Page

*Margaret J. Mac Donald (nicknamed
Lug)*

These many years, have I for honour yearned,
And scant praise earned;
But ah! to win, at last, such friends,
Is full omends.

(Apologies to William Watson).

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Margaret Hardy</p> <p>Jean Orrison</p> <p>Jean Millman 3B</p> <p>Jane Clark</p> <p>Dorothy L. Hall - 3B.</p> <p>Marion Wellington</p> <p>Pauline Grafton III A.</p> <p>Marion D. Holmes. III B.</p> <p>Ruby Haropus.</p> <p>Maple Stellers</p> <p>Sadie a. Knowles.</p> <p>O Warwick</p> <p>Ruth Hicks II B.</p> | <p>Clara Price</p> <p>Edythe Butler</p> <p>G. Finch 3B.</p> <p>Mary Marshall 3B</p> <p>Florence Andrew</p> <p>Dora E. Smith III B</p> <p>Louisa Rainsberry III</p> <p>Inez L. Nickels V.</p> <p>Angela Melville</p> <p>Maria Knobles.</p> |
| <p>Josephine Dawson.</p> <p>Ruby Jackson</p> <p>Joy Mitchell</p> <p>Paris E. Goodwin 3B. H.C.</p> <p>Margaret J. H. Mac Donald 3B.</p> <p>Verda Burke 1. A</p> <p>Evelyn Miller 1C</p> <p>Marion Ellwood 3B</p> <p>Mildred Beatty II A</p> | |

Autograph Page

D. M. Grant,
W. A. Deat
Ethel K. Myhart.

Autograph Page

Abraham Lincoln (Clarkie)

J. N. Morrison

H. C. Efford

Earl Southard

P. Damer

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HOW

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Who refused to heed any warning.
He drove on the track without looking back,
And they're mourning this morning for Morning.

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Clem—"Say, Annie, that boy of ours must be getting on purty handy with carpenter tools at college."

Ann—"What's he bein' doin', Clem?"

Clem—"He sez he just made the basketball team."

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"Very distantly" said the other. "Oi was me mother's first child and Tim was the twelfth."

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Maitland—"Have you two seats in the fourth row centre for tonight?"
 Ticket-Seller—"Yes!"

Bruce—"I guess I don't want them. The show can't be any good."

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